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NEW STATESMAN

SF BOOKS

Jeremy Bugler:

The Brazilian Junta Goes Nuclear with Technology From Britain

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The Crisis Beyond the Budget

Science Fiction:

Ballard Aldiss Disch

Ambassador College
MAY 30 1978

No Deal On Neutrons

Britain's political and journalistic community has discovered, with something of a jolt, that the neutron bomb is a first-class issue after all. The *New Scientist* and the NEW STATESMAN were perhaps a trifle quicker off the mark than others, but in our case we erred last week by underestimating Carter's capacity for vacillation.

A decision, we said, must come soon. But what came, almost at once, was another non-decision. The United States, we are now told, will continue development work on neutron warheads, but will postpone the question of deployment until the Soviet Union makes plain its attitude to the next round of disarmament talks. If the Russians behave badly, and insist – as at present – on remaining armed to the nuclear teeth – then the West will put neutron bombs into the field after all. To put it mildly, President Carter's concession is little comfort to those who have argued – recently, with some success – that the neutron bomb is a bad thing because it would destabilise a balance of terror already sufficiently precarious. It adds up to saying that if the Russians refuse to act sensibly, then the West will increase the recklessness of its own behaviour.

In the short term, it means that the topic of 'enhanced radiation weapons' is likely to come before us fairly regularly while the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT II) try painfully to get themselves under way. This provides the chance for debate in Britain to become as widespread and as serious as it has been in Germany and Holland.

The instant complaint, of course, is that NATO – due to the knock-kneed cowardice of its European members, and in spite of the selfless toil of the Pentagon's weaponsmiths – has left itself defenceless against the tanks of the Warsaw Pact. The Tory defence spokesman Sir Ian Gilmour holds that an 'orgy of weakness' has produced a 'major victory' for the Russians. Others, if less valiantly self-righteous, are certainly confused. On one page the *Sunday Times* found 'disturbing' the rather manifest discovery that European minds had turned against the bomb, yet was able to say elsewhere that by following their lead and 'temporarily removing it from the board' President Carter had done the world a service.

The strong element in the case against the neutron bomb is not specifically a moral or emotional one. All questions to do with weapons have moral and emotional dimensions, of course, and it would be a dismal society in which they did not come into play. But that said, not everyone will necessarily be persuaded that wholesale massacre by prompt neutrons is more wicked than wholesale massacre by blast or machine-gun bullets. The neutron's problem is that it seems to lessen the chances of avoiding wholesale massacre. What its lobbyists must answer is the body of evidence from professional military men saying that neutron warheads, with their unknown and unpredictable effects, would be worse than useless in the defence of Western Europe. The judgment of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Peter Hill-Norton (formerly chairman of the NATO military committee) is that its effect runs against the whole purpose of European defence, which is to keep the nuclear threshold high. 'It represents', he says, 'a new dimension of warfare that we do not want to go into.'

But if this kind of evidence is troublesome to the neutron lobby – and if it is adopted, as in Holland and Germany, by the opponents of the bomb – then it raises questions which the Left also may find difficult to face. To prevent the deployment of the neutron bomb means to attack the whole concept of nuclear weapons in the defence of Europe, for the blast warheads it is designed to replace cannot retain their notional usefulness for much longer. This means, bluntly, that the choice will lie between higher expenditure on conventional weaponry – or accepting a preponderance of Soviet power in the affairs of Europe. It is, of course, still possible on the Left and elsewhere, to argue in detail about the real quality of Soviet power, and the real nature of Russian intentions. But the ten years since the Prague Spring and its suppression have surely seen the eclipse of the belief that there is nothing to fear from the tanks of the Warsaw Pact.

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Notes on Politics and Power

The Small Print in Mr Healey's Budget

At least the Liberal Party's advice on budgetary matters has been discounted by the Chancellor, but in most other respects his budget is supremely orthodox and conservative. It conforms almost exactly to the assumptions made in the Cambridge study (see last week's NS) which, if adhered to, bid fair to stagnate the economy and make unemployment a way of life for millions.

Unemployment, indeed, was conspicuous by its absence from the Chancellor's remarks. In effect, he conceives this budget as a holding operation on the British economy until the Bonn summit can come up with a generalised solution for the Western recession. The likelihood of this is not great (see p. 484) so the rest of the budget takes on a distinctly temporary air.

Some startling assumptions emerge in the small print. Although the political and industrial outlook hardly warrants the optimism, it is clear that much depends on holding wage settlements at about 5 per cent, or almost half the current level. The outlines of this assumption are very clear in the statement, but they are also and perhaps understandably very cursory. And since this budget has apparently abandoned the idea of trading tax cuts as a quid pro quo for wage restraint, it is difficult to see whether Mr Healey has anything more than hope to rely on here.

There are some small expansionist openings as a consolation. The emphasis is on repayment of debt by new borrowing instead of from the current account, which suggests that targets on current account surplus have been lowered to make some room for expansion. And there is a great deal of verbal emphasis on industrial strategy, although 'sector working parties' seem a lame device for handling a problem defined as being so urgent.

Some of Mr Healey's hearers felt that he must have made a slip of the tongue when he announced that because of expanding output he expected imports of manufactured goods to rise over the level of the past year in 1978-9. If he is right, then imports will rise by more than 14 per cent, which was last year's staggering figure. So there will be less encouraging news for those who put their faith in a balance of payments surplus.

Similarly, if the Chancellor meant what he said about a three per cent growth in Gross Domestic Product, he is saying in effect that unemployment will be stable or rising over the next period. Once again, the Cambridge projections of his policy are disturbingly on target.

But it is when the subject of public expenditure comes up that it becomes clear how far the retreat from Keynesianism has gone. There seem now to be no reliable figures or instruments for measuring and controlling public expenditure. Since the White Paper on the subject only last January, the Treasury have discovered that they have underspent by *half a billion* on their own estimates. Tuesday's estimate of the Public Sector Borrowing Requirement is eight and a half billion, which is suspiciously close to the IMF target. For the past two years at any rate, the Treasury has heavily overestimated this figure, and it looks as if they have done so again. The Treasury, naturally, prefer the initial figure to be over-pitched because it then makes it easier to claim that it has been cut. The effect in the real world is that we are likely to have *more* deflation than the Government ostensibly intends.

The fact that monetary instruments in this country are imprecisely cast and very imperfectly understood and applied is revealed by the strange case of the contingency reserve fund. This fund is extremely useful for squeezing ambitious spending departments of the Government, because it is a kitty with strictly defined contents. All the public expenditure proposals in the budget are expected to be provided for out of this contingency reserve, which currently only has about £200 million left in it. It could not stand, say, a major new demand for funds from British Leyland. But it is all designed to be spent, and to provide an absolute horizon for spending policies. Thus there is no real net increase in public expenditure, and some reason to doubt that the Government's own monetary instruments can match what they have set themselves.

The other elements in this very cautious and constipated budget are all fairly marginal – a case in point being the disappointing, if acceptable, increase in child benefit. We are still waiting for Bonn, and this is a stop-gap package. Britain's trading policy, or lack of one, has led to a situation where our economic fluctuations are mostly functions of the world economy. Unless and until there is a concerted international strategy, Mr Healey's measures are simply minor incidents on the recessionary road.

There are relatively few pointers to the British attitude at Bonn, but one clue did emerge in the Chancellor's speech. His strategy for enhancing the competitiveness of our industry relied, in the main, on reducing inflation and attempting to lower or contain domestic costs. At least implicitly, that would appear to rule out a devaluation policy. But since the relationship of currencies will be high on the agenda at Bonn, this only reinforces the impression of a short-term budget marking time until July.

Unfortunately, the unemployment and trade figures cannot be expected to do the same. Nowhere in Mr Healey's rhetoric about industrial regeneration and the need to combat unemployment was there any hint of a policy to reactivate the already enormous reserves of unused spare capacity in industry.

From an electoral point of view, finally, Mr Healey has hardly altered the outlook at all. Clearly, the Treasury considers Bonn is more important and immediate than Lambeth Central. That in itself is an indication of the priorities adhered to.

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Labour Relations with Ambassador Jay

The abrasive rhetoric of lame-duckery and standing on your own two feet has been given a re-run by Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to Washington. In halving the staff of British Information Services in New York, Peter Jay did not see fit to let the victims know before they read about their dismissals in the press. Nor did his attitude soften when they asked for a meeting and a stay of execution. 'Sure if you want to, but you haven't got a case.' 'You people have got to realise that there's no security in working for HMG.' These observations were taped by the astonished staff.

BIS costs about £600,000 a year and concentrates on publicising British products, helping visiting exporters, publicising British policy statements and supervising ministerial and other visits. Its staff of 67 contains seven career diplomats, the remainder being locally engaged. One of the latter category, a 62-year-old vice-Consul, had just returned from open heart surgery when he was given three months notice after 31 years' service. British citizens in government employ abroad have no expectation of welfare or redundancy benefits and some of them will be faced with a month in which to leave the States because of residency problems.

Jay can behave like a mill-owner towards these people because they are not allowed a trade union and there is no negotiating procedure. At a meeting with the staff he defended redundancy terms of a week per year worked to a maximum of 26 weeks pay, terms which would appal most employees in either Britain or America. But he has not spoken to the threatened office for nearly a month about any final decision, so they are being kept in suspense. As their representative, Ann Allison, put it: 'For an employer, least of all a Labour government, to treat its employees in this way simply because we have no union – because we have not been permitted to have a union – seems shameful.'

Maybe. But who better than the Prime Minister's son-in-law to underline the wrongs of regarding government service as a mere meal ticket? Mr Jay is, after all, no ordinary ambassador but an accomplished prophet and analyst of economic behaviour. His new theory of 'market socialism' is centred on the importance of workers' self-management. But his idea of equilibrium in New York seems to have been borrowed from Chicago.

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Alexander Cockburn: Tracking Down the Killers of Orlando Letelier

General Pinochet has been forced on the defensive – perhaps critically weakened – by US investigations into the lethal activities of the Chilean secret service.

There cannot have been many people, back at the end of September 1976, who seriously believed that the murderers of Orlando Letelier would ever be brought to trial, nor indeed that much more than circumstantial suspicion could ever be established about the sponsors of that assassination. Now, just over a year and a half later, it seems quite possible that the story may yet have, if not a happy then at least a more equitable ending: and that you cannot murder a Chilean exile in the streets of Washington DC and feel confident of getting away with it.

Last Saturday Chile's military government deported from Santiago a US citizen by the name of Michael Townley. He is now being held for questioning in Washington as a material witness in the investigation of Letelier's murder. The extrication of Townley from Chile, over the vehement protests of his lawyer there, suggests a zeal on the part of the US Justice Department, the FBI, and the State Department that few of Letelier's friends would have believed immediately after his death. Now, in one of those effusions of patriotism from which even the most radical Americans remain unimmunised, one such associate remarked at the weekend: 'It makes me proud to be an American.'

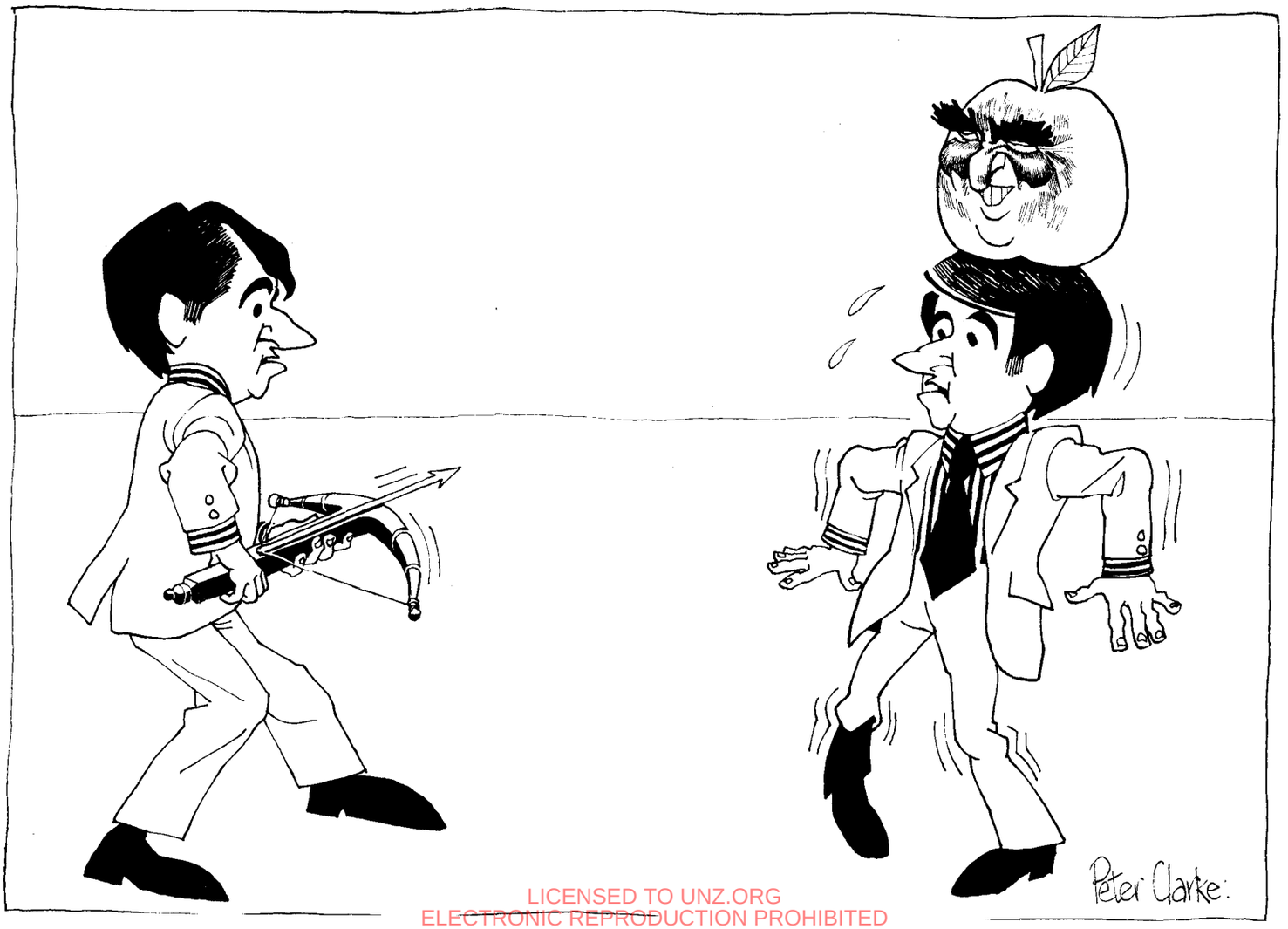
Orlando Letelier was one of Salvador Allende's closest associates. On the morning of the coup, September 11, 1975, Allende called him from the Moneda Palace to find out whether the conspirators had captured the head of the armed forces. As Minister for Defence Letelier was presumably in a position to find out. Letelier walked to his ministry, where he encountered the head of the armed forces – General Pinochet – and spent the next year of his life in a concentration camp off the coast of Tierra Del Fuego. He was then expelled to Venezuela, and by the spring of the following year was living in Washington, attached to a radical think-tank called the Institute for Policy Studies.

He rapidly became an effective opponent of the Chilean junta. He was instrumental in persuading the Dutch trade unions into a total boycott of Chilean goods. He organised financial aid for Chilean refugees, and persuaded the Dutch government to cancel a $64 million credit for Chilean industrial development. He worked adroitly towards the formation of a political front against the junta, extending leftward from Christian Democrats to communists and beyond.

By the summer of 1976 Letelier's wife Isabel was getting threatening phone calls, and Letelier himself was being warned by Chilean diplomats that his activities against the junta could 'have unforeseen consequences'. A letter from Chile told him that 'there are discussions at very high levels of the junta whether you should be assassinated. According to the last discussions the hawks have not yet prevailed'. Since General Carlos Prats, who had served under Allende, had been murdered by a bomb in Argentina, and Bernardo Leighton, vice president of the Christian Democrats, had been paralysed by a machine-gun fusillade in Rome it was evident that such warnings were not idle.

On September 10, 1976, Letelier was deprived of his Chilean citizenship. Eleven days later he climbed into his car in Washington and started to drive to his office with Ronni and Michael Moffitt, colleagues from the Institute of Policy Studies. At 9.30 a.m., 300 feet from the residence of the Chilean ambassador, a bomb exploded under the front seat. Letelier was killed immediately, Ronni Moffitt died shortly after: Michael Moffitt survived.

In the minds of Letelier's associates at the Institute, who immediately retained a lawyer and started their own investigation,



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there was little doubt about the rough sequence of events. They assumed that the murder had been organised by the Chilean DINA (Directorate of National Intelligence, since abolished) and probably executed by Cuban exiles.

No such certainties inhabited the minds of the US Attorney, the FBI, and the Washington DC homicide squad. They held a number of hypotheses, ranging from suspicion of Cuban exiles, of Chilean leftists, to intimates of Letelier and Ronni Moffitt motivated by purely personal passions. As the FBI assiduously interrogated Chilean exile groups in New York, suspicion grew that the government investigators were not so much solving a murder as pursuing a fishing expedition against the Left.

This view was buttressed by a number of leaks in the newspapers, plainly from one or the other of the official investigating bodies. Letelier had been carrying a briefcase when he was killed and details of its contents began to trickle out. They appeared to document Letelier's close connections with Havana, and his manipulative contempt for liberal allies in the United States. One right-wing columnist suggested that Letelier was a KGB agent. Others held that he was a victim of Cuban internecine struggles and that the Chilean junta had nothing to do with the affair. In sum, the momentum of the investigation seemed, despite the sympathy displayed to Letelier's associates by President Ford's Attorney-General, Edward Levi, to be heading in precisely the wrong direction.

Though Jimmy Carter had sent a telegram of sympathy to Isabel Letelier after the murder, his Presidency did not immediately produce much change in tempo. Griffin Bell, the new Attorney-General, Turned down a request for a special prosecutor in the case. Nonetheless, in the spring of 1977 Eugene Propper, the US attorney began to display much more conspicuous attention to the Cuban exile community. After a series of interrogations in Miami, designed, as Propper said, to 'pressure' the exiles generally, attention turned to another Cuban exile group in Union City, New Jersey, and one of its members was jailed for refusing to testify before a grand jury.

The sequence supposed by the Institute's investigators was that DINA agents had contacted leaders of Brigade 2506 (Bay of Pigs veterans in Miami) promising them money and materials as contractors for Letelier's murder. These leaders had in turn hired the bombers in New Jersey.

Even so, Propper continued to say that it would be very hard to get 'a makeable case' against the conspirators. In the fall of last year he was saying that if there was no substantial progress by January 1978 the case would have to rest. But in January matters changed entirely. It became clear that Propper and Carter Kornic (the FBI agent in charge) possessed passport photographs of two Chilean residents they wished to question. A newsleak of this story, along with the photographs, appeared in the *Washington Star*: story and pictures were reprinted in Chile, and the men were immediately identified as Michael Townley, who had been living in Santiago since 1958, and Armando Fernandez Larios, a captain in the Chilean army. (The sudden genesis of the photographs is unexplained beyond vague references to 'helpful' FBI and CIA work in Latin America.)

There is a halfway stage to outright extradition of a suspect from another country, which involves the issue of 'letters rogatory'. By this mechanism the US state department could request the Chilean Supreme Court, through a local attorney, to allow the US Attorney to question suspects there. The fact that letters rogatory were indeed issued suggests a White House policy decision in favour of pushing the junta. Letelier's colleagues, meeting with Carter's personal attorney Robert Lipshutz, found him extremely sympathetic.

Propper flew to Santiago, armed with 55 questions to be put to Townley and Fernandez. Fernandez answered satisfactorily. Townley invoked the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination and refused to discuss his actions in America. He has had an active political career in Chile, working for the DINA, conspicuous in assaults on the TV station in the Allende period and is equipped with a Chilean companion: herself active in the right-wing *Patria y Libertad*, and a leader of the housewives' campaign against Allende (which incidentally was funded by the CIA).

Although US corporate involvement in Chile has been proceeding merrily, it is certainly true that US pressure on Pinochet's regime to clean up its act has been quite fierce. At the end of March Pinochet announced that General Contreras, head of the DINA at the time of Letelier's death, had resigned from the army. Pinochet claimed this had 'nothing to do' with the US investigation – but not convincingly, since Contreras was one of his closest associates. Then came the expulsion of Townley, who now awaits a US grand jury.

There are still gaps. Two persons needed to establish a satisfactory sequence – one who issued passports in Chile, and one who transported explosives from Miami to New Jersey – are thought to have died violently. It remains unclear whether the chain of command originated directly with Pinochet, via DINA, or whether the leaders of *Patria y Libertad* enthusiastically took extra responsibilities upon themselves.

The insecurity of Pinochet, displayed in his handling of Contreras and Townley, is counterpointed by the private reflections of state department officials in Washington, who suggest that his days are numbered. American strategy (with the Letelier investigation as a useful weapon) is apparently to work towards the restoration of civil rule by the Christian Democrats. Meanwhile, members of the Institute for Policy Studies, in a 180 turn from earlier hostility, are hailing the work of the FBI and the US Attorney. 'What comes out of it,' said one to me, 'is that even if there is a secret agenda (viz., the Christian Democratic strategy), when you have a man dedicated to justice he can still make a go of it, even if it means using a right-wing person. A good man can have the system rally around him.' Words, no doubt, that he may one day regret, but at least he feels he has the chance to say them now.

John Palmer

Countdown to a Monetary Catastrophe

An enfeebled dollar has magnified the risk of recession, and of trade war between Europe, America and Japan. And, by conferring priority on monetary questions, it has distracted political attention from deeper problems on the world economy. The major economic powers now have little more than three months in which to rough out a new basis for international trade.

There are many elegant old clocks in the Christianborg Palace in Copenhagen, but none with an alarm constructed to ring loudly on 16 July 1978. Even without such a mechanical aid, the significance of mid-July this year was not lost on any of the nine Common Market leaders who attended their once-in-four months European summit last weekend. By common consent July will mark, one way or the other, as important a watershed in the economic history of the Western world as May 1944 when the Bretton Woods currency agreement was signed or December 1971 when the Americans cut the umbilical cord between the dollar and gold.

The significance of the July date is much more than that it will provide the seven major Western economic powers with an occasion for yet another bout of summitry. For by the middle of the summer we will have a pretty clear idea whether or not the world is about to slide into a new international recession. And we will also have a fair idea whether the postwar system of international free trade is about to give way to something very different – either to more global regulation, or to trade war.

The momentous character of the decisions which world leaders will shortly have to take, puts in sombre perspective the national economic debate in Britain.

James Callaghan says bluntly: 'It is really a question of whether we can be seen getting a hold of a world situation which has looked as though it is getting out of anyone's grasp.'

The auguries certainly do not look encouraging at present. Item: economic growth. Growth in Western Europe never really recovered fully from the 1973 post oil crisis recession and it is presently half the rate of growth in either Japan or the United States. In the US growth is also showing signs of slowing down and the Japanese are finding they have to run faster and faster (in terms of economic stimulus) to stay where they are (in terms of growth rates.) Economists at the OECD in Paris and elsewhere fear that the odds are increasingly on a new recession at the end of this year or in 1979. No one even begins to assess how long or severe the recession might be . . .

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Item: inflation. The textbooks of orthodox capitalist economics say that unemployment and recession kill inflation. But we have seen, since 1973, inflation persist throughout the Western countries, albeit at reduced levels. The very fact of that inflation and fear of making it even worse is a major reason why so far the West German Government has refused to fall into line with all those who have called for faster reflation of demand by all governments to beat the coming recession. Finally there are disturbing signs that even without faster growth, inflation in the US and some other countries (not yet Britain) is anyway edging up again. Item: Imbalance in world trade surpluses and deficit. The maldistribution of trade deficits and surpluses gets worse and defies periodic appeals by the deficit to the surplus countries to 'do something'. The Europeans have tried cajoling and threatening the Japanese in equal degrees. Plenty of promises of action have come from Tokyo, and some action has actually been taken. But the latest estimates suggest that the Japanese this year will have a surplus not of six billions, as they had promised, but maybe three times that figure. The persistent surpluses of the Japanese, the Germans and some others would be bad enough if it were not for the fact that all the industrialised oil users continue in massive deficit with the countries of OPEC.

Item: trade competition. The Japanese 'threat' is spoken of *ad nauseum*. But in fact the older European and North American economies are facing a potentially devastating competitive threat from the new capitalism in the Third World. True, only a handful of countries even look like making it to independent economic take-off, but they include South Korea, Brazil, Taiwan, Hong Kong – perhaps Indonesia and, amazingly enough in at least some industrial sectors, India. These countries are increasing their productive capacity in steel, cars, electronics, textiles and other sensitive sectors of modern heavy industry – using the latest technologies and production know-how.

Item five: monetary instability. Add the picture of chronic imbalances in trade and payments to inflation and the overall deficit with the OPEC countries and you have a perfect brew for continued currency troubles. To make matters worse the world is still largely operating what is laughingly called its monetary 'system' on the basis of the US dollar. But the dollar is rapidly going the way of the pound: the US simply does not have the domestic economic strength to ensure that the dollar is a sufficiently attractive and stable store of value to guarantee confidence in its continued use in world trade and investments. The run from the dollar to some of the stronger European currencies and the Japanese yen has attracted many and large headlines. But we may only have seen the tip of the iceberg. There are some 500 billions in the hands of private and government investors outside the US. It would need only a fraction of these dollars to be sold on the foreign exchange markets to trigger a literally unstoppable spiral of currency depreciation which would bring the whole system crashing.

Other items can be added at will. In spite of OPEC, the oil consuming countries, above all the US, are still not taking energy conservation and the development of alternative energy sources anything like seriously enough. And there remains the great mass of the Third World poor who have not and will not make it into the industrialised capitalist league table. The gulf between developed and developing is widening and some of the latter are not developing any more at all. The Third World remains the largest single untapped source of human demand for the goods and services which the world could produce. But no one has found a way to tie the one to the other.

The meeting of minds at Copenhagen was limited. There was no agreement whether or not all the EEC countries should move together now to reflate demand. The West German Chancellor remains sceptical about the value of any commitment on growth rates. He accepted only the vague objective of a 4.5 per cent growth rate by the middle of 1979 as something to be worked towards. Helmut Schmidt does not mind the others reflating if they wish but says that nothing needs to be done at home. The others believe the West German growth rate is falling below Schmidt's forecasts.

Schmidt did win some adherents in Copenhagen for the philosophy of 'monetary stability first – growth later'. He insisted that as far as monetary stability is concerned the ball is now well and truly in Jimmy Carter's court. Carter – he said – must halt the run from the dollar even if this means political unpopularity in curbing oil consumption and going for a slower economic growth rate. In other words the West German Government is prepared to take the risk that, in order to create greater convergence of growth rates between Europe and the US, there may have to be a less inflationary, and lower, rather than a higher world economic growth rate. This runs completely counter to the Callaghan view which is that, while measures must be taken to reduce US oil imports, Carter should not be bullied into slowing up.

Callaghan and Schmidt did agree that the days of dollar imperialism are over, whether or not the New York bankers like the idea. Both countries will push hard in the IMF Interim Committee (chairman, conveniently enough, D. Healey) to convince the Americans to allow enough special drawing rights to be created to take over part of the role of the dollar and reduce that 500 billions hanging, over the market in the hand of foreign investors.

A stable dollar would make it easier for the Europeans to do something about their own ramshackle currency system. A lot of time and enthusiasm was expended in Copenhagen on ideas for some Common Market UDI on the currency front. Roy Jenkins, who preaches the gospel of full monetary union and a single EEC currency, saw his moment to urge changes in the Community's own currency system. He wants the present 'snake' (simply an agreement by a number of countries to keep their currencies pegged to the West German mark in a joint float against the dollar) superseded by a more comprehensive agreement. In this new scheme all currencies' exchange rates would be kept within agreed target zones. The exchange rate zones would be policed by concerted central bank intervention and Jenkins would like this done by using not national currencies but increasingly the community's own SDR – the European unit of account. Giscard d'Estaing and some of the leaders of smaller EEC countries like the idea. They and the Commission insist that it also has more support from Chancellor Schmidt than they expected. But for it to work the West Germans would have to commit their own financial reserves to the defence of the new target zones. There are no signs they are yet willing to go this far.

Having spent most of their time on monetary affairs, the EEC heads of government spent relatively little time on actual problems of growth, employment, trade or aid to the developing world. For those like the West Germans who have a touching belief that if the monetary environment is 'right' everything else will fall into place this is as it should be. But the European trade unions will be upset that their demand for a firm, and faster growth target was dismissed and their ideas on work sharing given such summary treatment.

The EEC also want to modify GATT so that import controls might be used to protect domestic industries. Failure to agree on a new GATT round would intensify trade conflicts between America, Europe and Japan – and would undermine monetary stability yet further.

So, the only consensus the EEC has so far produced is on the primacy of sound money, which may well reinforce, at national level, a tendency to overcaution. Roy Jenkins is only one of those who sees that there is not such time for the Nine to work out a common line. And even then, it may not be acceptable to the Americans and the Japanese. Failing agreement, it is not easy to see what the Europeans can do short of cutting adrift from the world economy and imposing siege-like controls on money and trade. Success at the Bonn summit in July depends on nothing going badly wrong with the series of negotiations taking place between then and now. Failure will signal the advent of a very different world economic order in the 1980s.

Copenhagen

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Jeremy Bugler: Selling Uranium Technology to the Brazilian Military Dictators

British Nuclear Fuels Limited, the state company at the heart of the Windscale plans, has ambitions well beyond Cumbria: it has made an offer to the Brazilian Government to build it a nuclear installation called a 'hex plant.' BNFL is offering to sell its design engineering and expertise at a price of 'several millions.' This news, confirmed to the NS by BNFL this week, could set off quite a chain-reaction.

For one thing, it is a highly significant new piece of evidence that Britain is undermining President Carter's anti-proliferation policy. For another, it indicates that Britain is going out on the 'nuclear offensive', competing with the West Germans and the French in its zeal to capture foreign nuclear markets. For a third, it shows a supreme political confidence on the part of the state nuclear company: BNFL made the offer to Brazil around the New Year, just when one might have expected it to take a sensitive line, with the Windscale Report actually being written. In a broader setting, BNFL made the offer at the exact moment that the Dutch Cabinet and Parliament were in upheaval over Holland's involvement in selling nuclear material to Brazil's military government which has always refused to sign the non-proliferation treaty. Plainly, BNFL's executives, consider: it can't happen here.

Corrosive Hex

These observations remain true despite BNFL's spokesman saying: 'The offer has not yet been accepted by the Brazilians and of course it would only go forward with the approval of HMG and with all the necessary safeguards.' When the Foreign Secretary or the Secretary of State for Energy come round to it, they can expect to argue that anyway a 'hex plant' is not in itself a 'sensitive technology' – that is, one that can be misused to provide nuclear material for weapons.

Only in the narrowest sense is this view correct. A hex plant converts uranium 'yellow cake' (solid uranium oxides) into uranium hexafluoride, UF_6. 'Hex' as it is known for short has been described as 'a viciously corrosive reactive gas requiring very careful handling . . .' but in itself it cannot be used or misused for military purposes. Rather, 'hex' is the material that you have to have before you can *start* enriching uranium – for civil or military purpose, according to your choice. And the great political row in Holland (including a demonstration of 30,000 people in March) is about enriching uranium, just as President Carter's disagreement with West Germany is (in part) about enriching uranium.

If the United States today has strained relations with West Germany, it is not least because of President Carter's blunt disagreement with Chancellor Schmidt over a West German agreement, worth some £2,000 million, to sell Brazil a monster nuclear package. It comprises eight 12,000 megawatt power plants plus a reprocessing plant *and* an enrichment plant. (Everything in short, except a hex plant.)

Carter has done what he can to lean on the West German Government, whose response can be summarised: we shall never again sell abroad the technologies of enrichment and reprocessing, but in this instance, a contract is a contract. Helmut Schmidt's elevation of a commercial deal to the level of high principle is probably the best face he can put on the realities behind the German refusal to bow to Carter: the German nuclear industry faces a commercial collapse at home, and the huge export deal can keep it alive.

James Callaghan and David Owen have both spoken out in support of Carter's opposition to deals like the West German-Brazilian transaction. Moreover, the secretive consortium the Nuclear Suppliers Group (some 15 nations) including Britain, West Germany, France and the United States) agreed last year not to export installations like enrichment plants. Against this scenery, BNFL's offer to the Brazilians stands out in dramatic fashion.

For it comes down to this: it suggests Britain is throwing in President Carter's towel, in his fight to stop Brazil getting the sensitive technology of enrichment. By itself, a hex plant is useless. It is relevant only if Brazil is going to enrich its uranium for itself – just what the Americans are worried about. (Uranium enrichment, briefly is a process whereby the isotopes of uranium are separated to increase the precentage of the 'fissile' and potentially explosive isotope uranium 235.)

Enrichment plants appear on the Nuclear Suppliers Group so-called 'trigger-list' of sensitive technologies because nuclear engineers would not find it too hard to fiddle with the engineering. So as to get uranium enriched to the high percentage necessary for a nuclear weapon. So it is that West Germany is to build for Brazil the dangerous enrichment plant, which will need 'hex' to work. British Nuclear Fuels will build the plant to provide the hex – unless the Government stops it.

(In relatively mild form, the dangers of exporting nuclear technology to a dictatorship like Brazil are illustrated by the extraordinary affair reported this month in which six of the country's most senior nuclear construction engineers have been accused by security police of being unpatriotic, and warned they might lose their jobs. Responsible for Brazil's first nuclear power station – now nearing completion – the six men committed the offence of refusing to sign a document declaring that there was complete safety at the Angra do Reis site. If a nation's experts are not allowed to give voice to their professional judgments, what safety can there be?

Plainly Con Allday, BNFL's managing director, does not think it likely that the Government will suddenly step in his way. A man of shrewd judgment, Allday probably has it right. He will be drawing on his knowledge of how the Government has supported his company in its other Brazil deal.

'The other Brazil deal' promises to be the real money maker. Early last summer, executives from Nuclebras, the Brazilian state company, and Urenco, a tri-nation group, signed a contract of great significance. The contract promises that Urenco will supply Nuclebras, over a ten year period, some 2 million 'separative work units' of enriched uranium. Supplies will start arriving in 1981 or 1982, at a price tag of around 100 to 110 dollars per s.w.u. Brazil, in the contract, has an option on a further 2 million s.w.u's.

Brazil badly needed this contract because its much-vaunted nuclear programme will need enriched fuel. Jimmy Carter's scruples about supplying enriched fuel to a military government that refuses to sign the Non-Proliferation Treaty, exposed the Brazilians to any US ban on sending uranium. So the Brazilians turned to Europe, and to Urenco.

Contract Promises

Under its Euro-speak title, Urenco was set up in the balmy days of nuclear power, when only a few Americans and Frenchmen had started to be concerned about the side-effects of the peaceful atom. In March 1971, the Federal Republic of Germany, the Netherlands and the UK signed the 'Treaty of Almelo'. The treaty set up two organisations to exploit the process of enrichment known as the gas centrifuge process. These are Urenco (whose complicated ownership we illustrate) and Centec GmbH, another Anglo-German-Dutch combine. In both Urenco and Centec, Con Allday's BNFL is the British partner. Under Allday, BNFL is aggressively searching for foreign business, and the British nuclear establishment is counting on Urenco a very great deal. After all, British designed reactors, after looking at one stage as though they would rule and power the world, have been sales disasters. Only two have been sold abroad, both early Magnox reactors, one to Japan, the other to Italy. British nuclear executives have turned to the fuel cycle processes – enrichment and reprocessing – to make their foreign earnings and regain prestige.

To see how Urenco is knitted into the British nuclear network, consider only its premises. Its head office is at Marlow, Buckinghamshire, and one of its two enrichment plants is at Capenhurst in Cheshire. The second is at Almelo in Holland, just

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over the Border from Germany. At these plants, thousands of machines, spinning at supersonic speeds for ten years at a stretch, enrich the yellow vapour 'hex' into enriched uranium. When Capenhurst is completed, a two-tonne cylinder of enriched uranium worth about £500,000 will leave every week to be made into reactor fuel elements.

It was from Almelo that Brazil and Urenco expected to send the first batches of enriched uranium in the early 1980s. 'We shall send it from Almelo or Capenhurst as circumstances dictate' I was told recently by Urenco's finance director Wilfred Rooke.

Increasingly, Capenhurst looks the most probable supplier, for dark political clouds now hang over the future of the Almelo plant. Britain, then, will be a major and perhaps the only supplier of enriched uranium to Brazil, a nation which the United States may refuse to service and a country whose military government last month chose to be its next president General Joao Baptista Figueiredo. The general is the chief of Brazil's intelligence services and the man widely held to be responsible for political repression in Brazil. Moreover, the British taxpayer is involved, not simply because BNFL is a nationalised concern, but because the Government has provided £35 million of the £50 million so far committed to expanding Capenhurst factory.

Political Repression

We are in it up to our necks. So, to be sure, are the Dutch. But the contrast between Dutch concern and British satisfaction can hardly be drawn too starkly. In Holland, the Dutch Cabinet has spent many hours trying to hammer out a new agreement acceptable at once to itself, the Opposition and to the Brazilians. It is a major political issue: far bigger than the British issue of Windscale reprocessing. For two and a half years, the issue has run in the Dutch Parliament, culminating in a major debate in February. In Britain, the issue has hardly even been born. Only one MP – Leo Abse – has objected to it in the House, and asked questions. He has been virtually ignored by Fleet Street. True, he did appear on television but it was VARA-TV from Holland. Abse has received two replies from the Government. He asked Benn to veto the Brazil deal, and Alex Eadie replied:

> There is no need for a veto. We are satisfied that the safeguards and other non-proliferation conditions which have been negotiated between the three parties and Brazil are adequate.
>
> All Urenco contracts contain safeguards clauses. The policy of the partnership is that suitable and effective safeguards should be applied when enrichment services are supplied. Even if a customer country is not a party to the Non-Proliferation Treaty, IAEA safeguards can be, and are applied.

Two days later, on 22 March, the Foreign Secretary also gave assurances on the contract, spoiling it a little by saying 'reprocessing' when he meant 'enrichment.'

It seems extremely clear that the House and the Government really do not know what its nuclear men are doing. One MP hardly constitutes a check on the Government and Benn is thought to have known little about the Urenco contract until Abse raised the question. Urenco's deal has been sold to Britain by the administrators, in the Department of Energy and in Urenco itself. Dutch sources indicate that Department of Energy officials have been supporting the West Germans and pressurising the Dutch at 'Almelo steering committee' talks which take place monthly. (The British line is that it has been pressing for a compromise.) Urenco's executives certainly don't find trouble at home. 'It's only the Dutch who are causing trouble', J. V. L. Parry, a senior Urenco executive, told me last month. Finance Director Wilfred Rooke had a simple answer to the Dutch trouble if it goes on: 'We'll send it from Capenhurst.'

What, then, is the difference between the British and the Dutch? Holland's concern centres on the fact that Brazil has never signed the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty and that after buying sensitive technologies such as reprocessing plant from Germany, it will be able to produce weapon-grade plutonium from the used Urenco-enriched uranium. The Dutch, in short, see themselves as becoming involuntary weapons-makers for Brazil.

Last year the then Foreign Minister Max van Der Stoel tried to get the three Urenco partners and Brazil to agree on what is called 'a plutonium storage regime' whereby all the plutonium produced by Brazil from Urenco's fuel would be stored under strict supervision. Moreover Van Der Stoel wanted Brazil to agree to so-called 'full-scope' safeguards under the supervision of the International Atomic Energy Agency. Brazil, however, baulked at the idea of 'full-scope' safeguards if these meant that *all* its nuclear plants and installations could be inspected by IAEA officials.

Van Der Stoel never got his agreement because his Government fell. Early this year the new Dutch Government of Conservatives and Christian Democrats presented Parliament with an agreement which Urenco and Brazil said was fine. Under it, Brazil gave no safeguard guarantees but promised to start negotiating about a plutonium storage regime under IAEA control. The Dutch Parliament wouldn't buy it. It reckoned it a backward step from Van Der Stoel's ideas, and socialists attacked the Government for letting itself be harassed by West German Government.

Nothing from Callaghan

In February the Dutch Parliament passed a crucial motion. Simply, this said that no enriched uranium should be exported from the Almelo plant to countries that have not signed the NPT unless strict safeguards are agreed in advance. The main difference between the Dutch and the Anglo-German stance is that West Germany and the UK are saying Brazil does not have to agree to its international plutonium storage regime (on which David Owen pins his colours) *until the Urenco fuel is actually reprocessed by Brazil.* The Dutch, not apparently trusting Brazil as far as the next corner, say that before so much as one cylinder of enriched uranium goes to South America, an agreement on a plutonium storage regime must be reached. And that means before 1971, when Almelo deliveries are expected to start.

Anti-proliferation purists, with a little reason, don't even get much comfort from an agreement policed by the IAEA. They point out that the IAEA is under-manned, under-financed, staffed by nuclear enthusiasts and has a warning system (in the event of plutonium being discovered on the way to a weapons factory) that is about as rapid as the second-class post during a GPO strike. They cite the eight defects in IAEA safeguards listed by the authoritative Fox Commission Report in Australia. The Commission concluded, while not under-valuing international safeguarding, that 'these defects, taken together, are so serious that existing safeguards may provide only the illusion of protection.'

Britain, at the moment, is settling for the illusion. What is more, our Brazil deal may shortly lose even 'the troublesome Dutch', a kind of safeguarding on its own account. The reliable industry journal *Nucleonics Week* reported recently that West Germany and Britain might break the Dutch connection and then provide enriched uranium to buyers from Capenhurst and from a plant the West Germans hope to build at Gronau. The Dutch would be left to their consciences. Last weekend, the Dutch Prime Minister Dries Van Agt talked to Callaghan in Copenhagen and tried to get him to agree to stricter safeguards for the Brazil deal. Reportedly, he came away with nothing.

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Mervyn Jones

Going Head-on at the National Front

Can the National Front do well enough in Lambeth to maintain their momentum? They are meeting determined opposition from the major parties.

It is said that Marcus Lipton, MP for Brixton 1945, was distinctly annoyed when boundary revision turned him into MP for Lambeth Central. But it couldn't be helped; loss of population enforced a merger between boisterous, working-class Brixton and part of Clapham, which retains traces of faded gentility. Now, one doesn't, however, notice any striking differences between one part of the constituency and another, for this entire region of south London exhibits all the symptoms of inner-city decay.

Local industries have declined or moved away, until 77 per cent of employment is in services of one kind or another – the three biggest payrolls being those of Lambeth Council, the GLC and King's College Hospital. Unemployment is high and youth unemployment shocking. Practically the whole constituency is a 'housing action area', without much action. Boarded-up houses, houses occupied by squatters, overcrowded houses, and homes without separate baths or toilets are frequent. The schools, the hospitals and the welfare services are all under heavy strain.

Brixton, more than anywhere else in London, was where the West Indians settled when – eagerly recruited, at that period, by London Transport and the hospitals – they arrived in the 1950s. Inter-racial mixture is now long-established; you probably couldn't find a solidly black street anywhere in Lambeth Central, but you'd have difficulty in finding a solidly white street either. Non-whites (mainly from the West Indies, plus some Nigerians and some Asians) are reckoned to make up about a quarter of the electorate.

Lipton came under fire from the Left for voting for immigration laws (Labour's, anyway) but he was readily at the service of any constituent, black or white. 'The Colonel', as he was generally called, built up an impressive accumulation of gratitude by championing individual or small-scale causes. John Tilley, Labour candidate in this by-election estimates Lipton's personal vote at 2,000, in the sense that 2,000 Lipton voters need to be convinced to stick with the party ticket. The poll may well be low, and many working-class people living in furnished rooms don't get on the register. So Labour's (October 1974) majority of 8,677 isn't copper-bottomed.

Losses from Labour's maximum vote could be among either white or black people. To consider the whites first: there is still a swing to the Tories, and recent opinion polls seem to indicate that it has gained momentum since Mrs Thatcher discovered that people are 'afraid of being swamped by an alien culture'. The National Front is contesting the by-election; it won 5 per cent of the vote in last year's GLC election. I'm glad to say that John Tilley – unlike the ill-fated Labour candidate for Stechford a year ago – doesn't propose to ignore the issue of race prejudice. 'A main point in my campaign,' he told me, 'is to fight racism head-on.' He is encouraged by signs of the effectiveness of propaganda by the Anti-Nazi League; last week, he pointed out, 400 people attended an anti-racist meeting in the town hall – a number that couldn't be attracted these days by any political party.

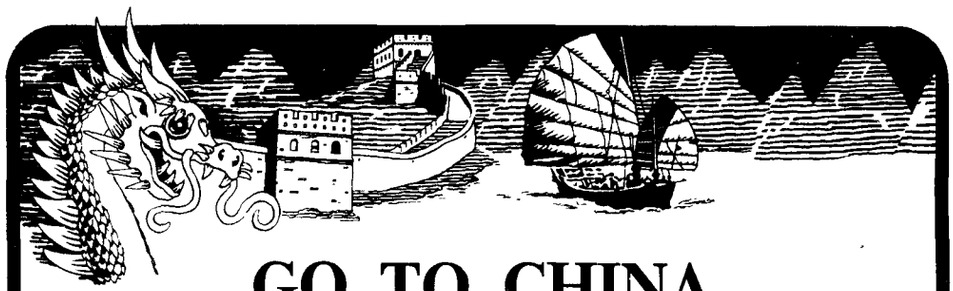
David Blunt, the Liberal candidate, also stresses resistance to racism in his campaign. 'People may stay away from the poll if they're not made to understand that it's a serious threat,' he said. He needs to worry from his own point of view, because the NF outpointed the Liberals by 108 votes in the GLC election, but his sincerity on the issue of principle is also evident. 'I certainly hope Blunt comes third – or second if that's possible,' Tilley remarked.

As for the blacks, they can't and shouldn't be taken for granted as Labour voters. Life has become tougher for them in a period during which Labour has been in power nationally most of the time, and has controlled Lambeth nearly all the time. Recently, unemployment among black teenagers has risen four times as fast as among their white counterparts, and covert discrimination can scarcely be denied. Tilley, reminding me that public bodies are the major employers, says that he'd like to see affirmative action to find jobs for blacks, as in Camden. It's widely said, too, that black families are placed in the least desirable Council blocks; again, Tilley believes that there is a case to answer.

The issues, then, are social impoverishment in general and discrimination in particular. Against this background, Tory demands for stricter immigration controls are irrelevant – and more irrelevant in Lambeth than in most places. Not only do the West Indians constitute a stable population, mostly born here, but there has been for some years a net outflow. Skilled workers, when their jobs disappear or their children can't find work, draw out their savings and return to Jamaica.

It's pleasant to record that Jerry Hanley, the Tory candidate, clearly isn't any kind of a racist. He fully accepts the West Indians as citizens, and he sounded as concerned as Tilley or Blunt when he talked about the young blacks who leave school without qualifications and enter on a hopeless search for jobs. He is inclined, however, to some curious feats of logic. What's needed, he says, is to 'take the label of immigrant off these people's backs' – and in order to do that, immigration must be ended. I asked him if he considered this pitch to be a plus for him in the eyes of West Indian voters. Apparently, he does.

People who think that racism is inherent



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in a capitalist economy can vote for the revolutionary Left, which has always been profusely represented (perhaps because there's so much cheap accommodation for indigent intellectuals) in the belt from Lavender Hill to Norwood. Among the *groupuscules*, the only one which considers that dissipation of effort is becoming rather pointless is the International Marxist Group. It has sponsored an alliance called Socialist Unity, and the candidate it supports in Lambeth Central is John Chase, a black postman who was nominated at an open meeting and who isn't an IMG member. No one else in the spectrum, however, has consented to unite behind Chase, so there are candidates from the Socialist Workers' Party (also a black), the Workers' Revolutionary Party (with headquarters locally, and sometimes known as the Clapham Sect), the Socialist Party of Great Britain, and the South London People's Front.

Saturday morning in Brixton Road, the shopping centre and traditional arena for outdoor political activity. Left militants are out in force, and the police inevitably in even greater force. The SWP loudspeaker car is urging repeatedly: 'Smash the fascists!'. Stuart Monro, the SLPF candidate, is explaining through a bullhorn that racism is the strategy of the monopoly capitalist class.

I go across and approach the NF group, which totals 15. Among them is the candidate, a lady from Greenwich called Helena Steven. It's hard to see this unimpressive, rather dim person as a potent threat. I ask her how many members the Front has in Lambeth Central; she says: 'We don't give out that sort of information.' She agrees that her little band is drawn from all over London. As it's still only 11.30 in the morning and there are hundreds of people around, doing their shopping or just watching the free show, I ask what she's going to do next. 'I'm rather tired and I've got a sore throat, so I expect I'll go home soon,' she replies. This, half an hour later, she does.

John Tilley's claim is that any racial conflict in the constituency has to be imported. 'People aren't threatened by the multi-racial society, they've been living in it for a generation and know how to make it work.' There are manifest social evils in Lambeth Central, which the major parties ascribe to a variety of causes, and the NF ascribes to the black influx. Here, if anywhere, the NF activists must make their case.

If they don't do well here – at least save the deposit – they will clearly have lost momentum. Ten years after its foundation, a demagogic movement like the NF needs to be able to think in terms of winning a seat in Parliament. Nobody in Lambeth Central considers such a thing remotely possible, and instead of an advance we may witness next week a turn of the tide, thanks to resolute opposition.

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Robin Cook: Britain Gives the Arms Race another Twist

The Government is eager to develop a new system of nuclear deterrents for the Eighties. Any such development will undermine Britain's central role in the present talks on a comprehensive test ban.

Last Thursday someone at the Ministry of Defence broke the news that they were having their own little celebration to mark the twentieth anniversary of the first CND Easter march by detonating yet another nuclear test in Nevada. That afternoon Fred Mulley defended the experiment as being no more than designed to maintain 'the efficiency' (whatever that may be) of the present nuclear deterrent. This well-worn formula which faithfully served his immediate predecessors is now becoming more than a little threadbare.

Since Labour returned to power this formula has provided the public rationale for each of the tests which have been conducted under the programme known privately as Operation Antelope. Its objective is believed to be to double the present three warheads carried by every Polaris missile. This apparently can be done only at some expense to the explosive force of each warhead, but at 40 kilotons each they remain four times more powerful than the original Fat Boy which was dropped on Hiroshima – quite a satisfying bang for any Defence Secretary. Those who have got near enough to discover so much, have been soothed with the assurance that this is a minor modification to the present system made necessary by Soviet defences against ballistic missiles.

It is increasingly difficult to take seriously this official version of Operation Antelope. In the first place only Moscow is protected by Anti-Ballistic Missile defences, and the SALT agreements prevent Russia from defending any of her other cities. As this leaves the Minister of Defence an attractive range of vulnerable targets, it is hard to credit that they are expending £450m. merely to enhance their quite reasonable prospects of also incinerating Moscow.

Significantly, the resumption of British tests after a decade of silence occurs at the very time when a decision must be reached on whether to replace the present deterrent, which, to paraphrase Mr Mulley, will finally lose its efficiency somewhere around 1990. Obsolescence is then inevitable, primarily because the four submarines will then reach the end of their twenty year life, and partly because acute problems must arise over the supply of spares and fuel after the US withdraws Polaris from its own arsenal in the mid Eighties. Given the decade which it normally requires to fashion a new strategic system, Britain must decide by 1980 whether she wishes to remain in the nuclear club after 1980.

The Labour Party ostensibly made up its mind on this point a long time ago, and our manifestoes of 1974 contained the explicit commitment that we would not proceed to a second generation of nuclear weapons. There are however alarming signs that not every member regards the matter as entirely settled, and at the recent NEC/Cabinet meeting Fred Mulley reportedly gave a singularly opaque reply to a blunt question as to whether he expected that pledge to be renewed in the Manifesto next time around. In the meantime some obfuscation over the ultimate purposes of Operation Antelope is to be expected.

There is yet another reason why Britain's current test series should worry us. For the first time in fifteen years there is a serious possibility of agreement on a comprehensive test ban. The Partial Test Ban Treaty of 1963 prohibited tests in the atmosphere but did sanction underground tests. It thus proved valuable as a form of Clean Air Act which has saved mother's milk from strontium, but it has proved hopelessly ineffective as an obstacle to the nuclear arms race. Since the super-powers signed the treaty, the preamble of which explained that they were 'seeking to achieve the discontinuance of all test explosions of nuclear weapons for all time', they have in practice *expanded* their test programmes by half as much again in an average year. As a result they have both greatly improved their overkill capacity – that is to say, they are each now able to blow the other up several times more often than they could manage in 1963.

Indeed in the very month that President Kennedy signed the treaty he privately pledged Congress that he would mount 'the conduct of comprehensive, aggressive and continuing nuclear test programmes designed to add to our knowledge and improve our weapons'. It is now no secret that one of the test programmes for which the Livermore Laboratory of the Atomic Energy Commission was most anxious to obtain his authorisation, was designed to add to their knowledge of the neutron bomb, which was first successfully tested in the same year that Kennedy agreed to the partial test ban. Its subsequent development is a dreadful penalty to the world community for its failure

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to cap the arms race with a complete test ban, and a warning of what can lie in store for us if we do not ram the lid tight.

Ever since 1963 negotiations to expand the present ban to include underground tests have lumbered on under the aegis of the Conference of the Committee on Disarmament – an impossibly cumbersome title which is hereafter shortened to CCD. Reports of its work are so infrequent that few can be aware that it has met regular as clockwork every Tuesday and Thursday morning at Geneva in the Palais des Nations. The pace of negotiations has been less than urgent and it is not uncommon for the formal meetings of CCD to end after a short silence because none of the 30 member states has anything fresh to say.

With the advent of Carter the super-powers attempted to rescue the discussions of a comprehensive test ban from the langour of CCD by running off with the ball and starting their own bilateral talks on the subject. They did not quite get away with it as they found Britain plucking at their jacket sleeve and quite properly demanding to be counted in. The talks are therefore proceeding on a trilateral basis with the chairmanship revolving at each of the meetings, which have now got at least as far as identifying the two major stumbling-blocks.

The first of these is verification. The Americans at present publicly report every test above 20 kilotons on the grounds that the Russians can detect anything bigger from satellites up in space or seismic stations in remote Siberia. Unfortunately the techniques of the weapons designer have advanced *pari passu* with those of the seismologist and it is now possible for him to spread the blast of a major test device over a series of minor explosions. Thus a treaty which tolerated tests below 20 kilotons would be as ineffective now in halting weapons development as the Partial Test Ban of 1963. Yet tests below that threshold can only be detected for certain if either side provides sites for agreed monitoring equipment, a concept which the Soviets stoutly resist as they cannot stomach the prospect of Western militarists wandering around the Urals with, if you please, truckloads of electronic gadgetry.

Adequate verification is particularly important to the Western side as it may be critical in determining whether Congress ratifies the final treaty. There is some doubt though, whether the Soviets grasp this difficulty, as for them ratification is merely a matter of waiting a decent interval until an appropriate meeting can be summoned. The Soviets have their own bullpoint in that they are desperate to avoid a treaty which would give even the appearance of fettering them in their arms race with China. They originally proposed that no treaty should come into effect until signed by both China and France, but have been coaxed to the point that they are now willing to enter into a treaty for three years, provided that if China and France have failed to come to scratch in that time the treaty will then, as the Americans express it, 'self-destruct'.

These are serious obstacles, but all parties to the talks give every appearance of tackling them if not with zest, then at least with sincerity. The principal reason for this new enthusiasm is their common fear of nuclear proliferation which would be significantly hampered by a really effective test ban. Yet here we come to the basic paradox of the talks: in order to make progress the negotiations have been taken out of the hands of CCD, but the major motivation for reaching agreement can only be satisfied if the other 27 members accede to the eventual treaty. Meantime back at the Palais des Nations the permanent representatives defrauded of any meaningful discussion on nuclear disarmament, are given to mutinous mutterings. The Swedes, for instance, have proposed that the seismic monitoring stations should be placed under multinational supervision, an idea which appears distinctly gratuitous, as whatever grounds there may be for distrusting the super-powers, we can at least rely on them to blow the whistle and cry foul if they suspect the other of cheating. The division between the parties to the trilateral talks and the other members of CCD is all the more invidious as the three nuclear powers are actually placed together, by the accident of alphabetic seating, in solid phalanx at the end of the table. Conscious of their role as an intermediary between the super-powers and everybody else, Britain has proposed within the trilateral talks that CCD is at least entitled to an interim report, but this has been greeted with studied lack of interest by the Soviet members. Under pressure they have now hinted that they would not object to a statement if only it could be tabled at the end of a morning sitting, when delegates are shifting uneasily and thinking of luncheon rather than devising awkward questions.

It is precisely this kind of constructive intermediary role which Britain now jeopardises by her continuing series of nuclear tests as a nuclear power which joined the Club by, as it were, historical accident, and was beginning to reveal doubts whether the game is worth the candle. Britain should command good will among the non-nuclear nations, but as a state which now appears to be determinedly modernising her strategic missiles and equipping them for a second lease of life, Britain will be only greeted with derision when she lectures medium level powers on the moral superiority of a decision to forego nuclear weapons.

The moral is neatly demonstrated by the Indian nuclear test in 1974 which provoked vigorous protests from the British Foreign Office. Three weeks later, it emerged that in the same month the Ministry of Defence had itself resumed nuclear tests. It is a matter for speculation whether the fact was to leave the Indians more indignant at British democracy than amused at its exposure.

A couple of years ago Professor Bernard Feld, the distinguished Secretary General of Pugwash – the international movement of scientists, estimated that as a product of proliferation and the continuing arms race, there was now a fifty/fifty chance of a nuclear weapon being used again before the end of the century. In the name of preserving efficiency we are ourselves helping to tilt that delicate balance still further in the direction of near certainty.

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This volume deals with the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr and Allied Military Control during 1923. In that year these two questions became linked despite the efforts of the British Government to keep them apart.

British policy throughout the Ruhr crisis was to avoid embarrassing France while still refusing to recognise the validity of the Franco-Belgian action. Britain hoped that a return of the USA to Europe would ease, if not save, the situation. The result was the inter-allied committee set up by the Reparation Commission to advise on Germany's capacity to pay reparation.

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HMSO BOOKS

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London Diary

☐ Is it part of a publisher's job to ensure that any non-fiction work he publishes is true – or is at least based on something resembling evidence? I would have thought so, but to many of the thrusting fellows who market books today it seems to be merely a curious old redundancy.

New York is being swamped just now by a product called *In His Image: the Cloning of a Man*. This purports to tell how a piece of genetic material was chipped loose from a millionaire identified as 'Max', stirred-up, under laboratory conditions, with an ovum from a lady who remains anonymous, and turned into what would now be a 14-month-old carbon-copy of 'Max'. Several scientists have expressed amazement that a reputable publisher like Lippincott should have put out this tale in the absence of anything passing for documentation. The whole thing depends on the unsupported assertion of the author, one David Rorvik, who has confessed that he was working on a *novel* about cloning when he stumbled quite serendipitously upon a real-life example.

Much of our publishing is now cloned, as it were, from New York, so I was not surprised to find Hamish Hamilton vigorously advertising in *The Bookseller* their British version of *In His Image*. The message seemed to be, roughly, that the book might well be a load of old rubbish, but was bound to turn in a nice sale – so I telephoned Christopher Sinclair-Stevenson of H-H to see if he had any faint scholarly doubts about the project. 'Frankly', he said, 'I may well be a naive and sentimental fool to publish this book. After all, we may never know whether it's true.'

I said that a transaction in which one paid £20,000 for a book and then ordered a first print of 35,000 didn't seem all that sentimental. Were there any reputable scientists prepared to support the tale? Well, he said, there was Lord Rothschild. That name carries some biological clout, but it turned out on examination that his lordship had merely observed some time ago, in quite another context, that human cloning would probably occur one of these days. What would happen, I asked Sinclair-Stevenson, if *In His Image* were to go through the whole cycle, from best-seller back to pulp, without any further evidence being produced concerning the reproduction of 'Max'? 'I suppose', he said thoughtfully, 'that people might accuse us of laughing all the way to the bank.' Exactly.

☐ Loopy science does get its just comeuppance sometimes, I'm happy to say. Three years ago at the height of the Yuri Geller craze a physicist named John Taylor, who has a perfectly respectable chair at King's College London, wrote a book called *Superminds*. This not only draped a certain academic authority over Gellerism – but even claimed to explain it in terms of real physics. In a chapter of almost pure gobbledygook called 'The Final Explanation', Professor Taylor hypothesised that Yuri was able to bend forks, send messages and the like by deploying around his person something described as the 'electromagnetic intentionality field'. Taylor even computed its frequency, at some ten cycles per second.

On Italian television a few days ago, Geller's ex-manager came up with a simpler explanation: the fork-bending, message-transferring etc. had all been done by elaborate frauds, which the manager, Yasha Katz, described in detail. Oh well, so much for electromagnetic intentionality.

☐ Usually I find it quite agreeable to be, in a small way, one of *Private Eye*'s heraldic beasts. There's some comfort, for instance, in being accused of illiteracy by a paper whose own style must be as barbarous as anything in Europe.

It is a trifle less amusing when, as recently, they take inexplicable umbrage at my habit of answering the phone at home with the number – something one does because it helps people who've misdialled to avoid losing their change – and take this so far as urging their readers to ring up day and night. I don't myself mind dealing with the heavy breathers and obscene-threat merchants who seem to compose a large slice of *Private Eye*'s audience. But I'm glad the children happened to be away on holiday at the time.

Supposedly, the *Eye*'s justification is that its editor Richard Ingrams strikes without favour at friend and foe. In practice, that's not quite the case: the foibles of such distinguished contributors as Ambassador Peter Jay do not get the coverage they deserve (an omission remedied elsewhere in this week's NS). Indeed, the pitiless Ingrams reneged last year on a commission to write satirically about Jay's appointment – on the grounds that the man was a friend, and furthermore one who had lent Ingrams his car on departing for Washington. (The fact that Jay had lent the car to a 'distinguished journalist' was noted in the *Eye*, but no name was given.) Indulgences, therefore, are clearly available. But I think that lending even a used ball-point to Richard Ingrams would be too high a price to pay.

☐ I referred last week to the rather complex symbolism surrounding the Bertrand Russell Foundation's 'trial' of West Germany for offending against civil liberties. Without, for the moment, going into the detailed evidence about civil liberties in West Germany – that we hope to do properly in another issue – it's interesting to note that the ironies of the situation grow more intricate all the time. Last week at a Council of Europe session in Strasbourg Franco Calamadrei, foreign-affairs secretary of the Italian Communist Party, denounced the whole attack on West Germany's reputation as an encouragement to terrorism. It is a complex path which leads the PCI to defending Helmut Schmidt against his left-wing critics.

☐ This week's report from the Commons Expenditure Committee plainly shows the Foreign Office and its fans making a triumphant counter-offensive against the Central Policy Review Staff (or 'Think Tank'), which last year produced such a disobliging account of our diplomats and their performance. The committee's approach is not, on the whole, to quarrel with the details of the Think Tank's case that the scale and style of our foreign service is far too grand for a medium-sized country with a living to earn in the world. Rather, it's to say that these young whippersnappers were quite the wrong sort of people to go looking into the mysteries of British image-building overseas.

The particular sub-committee of Expenditure involved wasn't perhaps the likeliest audience for the Think Tank's ideas about a foreign service cut down to the necessities of economic life. They did not care for the suggestion that diplomacy should be concerned merely with security, economic well-being, the honouring of Britain's commitments and the promotion of world peace. Surely, one should also seek to

> promote the English language and British culture.

This no doubt reflects the view of the chairman, Colonel Sir Harwood Harrison, Bt – a diligent lecturer to foreigners on British culture and related matters – and also that of his Labour colleague James Boyden, who has done considerable time as a lecturer for the FO and the Admiralty in Germany, Ghana, Sierra Leone and Malta. One could hardly expect them to accept that it might have all been a waste of time and money.

The argument that the sub-committee liked best was put with elegance by Sir Michael Palliser, the head of the FO. According to this, the FO are quite wrong to say that as a country's economic importance declines, so should the scope of its foreign service. On the contrary, now that Britain is

> a good deal more dependent than in the past . . . on decisions taken in a much greater number of decision-making centres than before (sic) we have to use all the influence and assets we have to further our objectives.

Followed through logically, this seems to mean that the smaller a country's economy, the larger a foreign service it needs. Presumably the process must come to a halt when 100 per cent of the gross domestic product is being consumed by the foreign service.

Bruce Page

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Mrs Thatcher remained buoyant and undismayed by the noise. When a Scottish National Party loudspeaker vehicle howled past, playing a version of 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled', backed by an angel choir turned up to full volume, Mrs Thatcher was heard to inquire: 'Was that one of ours?' *The Times* (Nick Battisto)

☐ Nothing could have been better for the Rev. John Pelling's alter ego as a painter than his recent move from Kensington to St Saviour's, Shepherd's Bush, where his congregation is 50 per cent black. 'I look out of the vicarage window,' he told me yesterday at the private view of his new exhibition in the Drian Galleries 'and see among the trees what Gauguin had to go to Tahiti to see.' *Peterborough Daily Telegraph* (Henry Vyner)

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A Special Correspondent: A Slight Case of Privilege in Sri Lanka

The suppression of press liberty is always serious: but sometimes the circumstances are genuinely farcical.

The *Ceylon Observer*, one of the oldest newspapers in Asia, belongs to the Lake House group of papers owned by the Associated Newspapers of Ceylon Ltd. When Mrs Bandaranaike became Prime Minister in 1970 one of the first things her Government did was to take over a controlling share of ANCL's equity and vest it in the Public Trustee. Since then all Lake House papers have been under the effective control of the government in office.

On 30 January 1978 the *Ceylon Observer* carried a photograph of a motor boat on some waterway showing a man at its wheel and a young woman seated in it at some distance from him. In view of what happened later it is perhaps necessary to mention that the couple were not in any position relative to one another which is usually described by the term 'compromising'. They were both personable and properly clad. This picture bore a curious caption: 'The President of one of the leading industrial complexes in South Korea showing the Sri Lankan Foreign Minister, Mr A. C. S. Hameed, around the show-room of the industrial complex.' Mr Hameed had in fact visited South Korea a short while earlier. Many of those who saw the picture would have assumed that there had been a mix-up of captions. Many, but not apparently all.

A senior Minister of the Government later suggested that it was 'very likely' that readers would take the view that the Foreign Minister was engaged in taking a leisurely drive in a motor boat with a young lady when he should have been engaged in more serious duties. He also suggested the possibility that this leisurely drive could have taken place in a miniature lake inside the show room of an industrial complex in South Korea. I need hardly add that it is of course altogether possible for a young woman to be the head of a large South Korean industrial complex even if she happens to look more Caucasian than Korean.

By a coincidence, on the very day on which this picture with the curious caption appeared in the *Ceylon Observer*, a bill was tabled in Sri Lanka's National State Assembly called 'The Parliament (Powers and Privileges) (Amendment) Bill' which on 1 February became Law No 5 of 1978. This law empowered the National State Assembly itself to impose penalties for breach of parliamentary privilege, including prison sentences and fines, which power was earlier given only to the Supreme Court. The day after the Bill became law Mr Hameed, the Foreign Minister, raised a question of privilege in the NSA. He claimed that the *Observer* picture with its caption was defamatory of his conduct as a member of the NSA as they together gave the impression that the Minister was a playboy.

On the same day the Leader of the House moved a resolution in the NSA which stated, *inter alia*, that the caption 'was intended and calculated to bring the Hon. A. C. S. Hameed into disrepute and thereby constitutes the publication of a defamatory statement concerning a member of the National State Assembly'. The resolution ordered Mr Harold Pieris, editor of the *Observer* and Mr Philip Cooray, associate editor, to present themselves before the Assembly on that same day together with a copy of the paper bearing the offending picture and caption and to show cause why they should not be punished for a breach of privilege of the NSA. The resolution was adopted by the House without debate. Immediately thereafter Mr Speaker directed the Clerk to the House to summon the two editors to appear before the bar of the NSA at 5 p.m. on that same day.

The summonses were served on them at or around 3.30 p.m. When the House met after the tea interval at 5 p.m. the Leader of the House moved a resolution that 'the Assembly form itself into a Committee of the whole Assembly to investigate and report back to the Assembly' on the complaint. This resolution, too, was adopted.

With the House sitting in Committee the two editors were brought before the bar of the Assembly and the Chairman asked them if they had any cause to show why they should not be dealt with and punished under the recently passed Act. They had. Each of them read out a prepared statement. It appeared that Mr Harold Pieris, editor, had been off duty on 30 January, but had called at the office at 2.15 p.m. and had been told by Mr Cooray, associate editor, that there had been a mix-up of captions in some copies of that day's issue of the *Observer*. Nine hundred and forty seven copies of the paper containing the incorrect caption had been printed when Mr Cooray stopped the presses and the balance 4,000 copies were printed with the correct caption which read: 'Two in a boat. By the look of things Susan St. James has found a new boy friend'. On 31 January the paper had apologised.

The two editors tendered to the House their unqualified apologies. Now, the offending picture and caption had appeared on page three of the paper. The apology, too, had been carried on page three of the following day's issue. Mr J. R. Jayewardene, Prime Minister (now President), asked: 'You published an apology in a small space under the caption 'SORRY' which I was not able to find today until someone showed it to me. Do you think this is adequate retraction?' To which Mr Harold Pieris, who could hardly have answered 'Yes' without giving further offence said: 'No, I now feel we should have carried it on page one.

After members had questioned them the two editors were asked to withdraw from the Chamber. The Leader of the House, Mr R. Premadasa, proposed a resolution that each of the editors be fined Rs 2,500 (about £150) the fines to be paid to the School for the Deaf and the Blind. The Leader of the Opposition suggested that the fines be reduced to Rs 1,000 each and for the sake of unanimity this was agreed to. Mr. J. R. Jayewardene addressing the Committee said, *inter alia*: 'We do not know exactly what crime the two suspects have committed because we did not go into the details of it and the merits of the defence because they accept in fact that they had committed a mistake. They apologised and showed us that there was in no way malicious intent in what happened.'

In point of fact the editors in their statement had been at pains to show that neither of them had made any mistake at all. (One senior Minister at least did not agree with the Prime Minister's view that 'there was in no way malicious intent in what happened'. In the course of replying to a critical opinion on this episode published by a senior lawyer, the Minister of Irrigation and Power, Mr Dissanayake, suggested it was not inadvertance but the 'deliberate act' of an employee, an assistant foreman in the paper's Works Department.)

Mr Jayewardene also said: 'The reasons why we have decided to impose a fine are that, firstly, we want to give a donation to the Deaf and Blind School; secondly, we wish to show that this Bill is now law with teeth in it, and in future anybody who comes before this House may not escape with a fine; thirdly, the Associated Newspapers of Ceylon Ltd of which I am a shareholder is not an indigent organisation. It has enough money to pay the fines of both these editors. If they were to pay the fines I would certainly have agreed that we should not fine them. But as a shareholder, not as Prime Minister, I will see that the organisation pays the fines.

The two editors were accordingly fined Rs 1,000 each.

I have here merely recited the bare facts of this interesting episode with scarcely any comment of my own. *Res ipsa loquitur.*

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Martin Staniland

West Coast Head Styles

The American counter-culture continues to make great progress in disseminating the technology of happiness.

A visit to California is always good for reminding you that, at least under their sun, there is always something new. My current favourite is the possibly mythical Free-the-California-Earthquakes Committee, which exists to liberate earthquakes by means of synchronised jumping up and down at likely points along the San Andreas fault. The committee's chairman last year told *San Francisco* magazine that 'California loves earthquakes. That's why we have so many of them'. The trouble is, he thinks, that 'some irresponsible scientists are trying to kill them off . . . It's time to turn this thing around before earthquakes become extinct.'

The Berkeley campus is dull compared to the spirits behind the FTCEC. The campus and its adjoining ghetto of the counter-culture seem to be stuck fast in the Sixties. A much better insight into what is new and fashionable can be got from the brochures of the 'alternative education' organisations which flourish in the San Francisco area and among which the Open Education Exchange and the Orpheus Alternative University are the most prominent. Neither of these bodies offers degrees, nor do they employ staff, apart from secretarial assistance. They are simply intermediaries between those who want to offer courses and those who want to take them, collecting the fees, arranging venues, and paying the teachers. Fees are low: for the Exchange courses, they range between $10 (for *Juggling for Fun and Therapy* and *Women's Rights under California Divorce Law*) to $40 (for *Shiatsu-Acupuncture Related Massage* and *An Introduction to Stained Glass*).

Alongside the standard fare of extra-mural teaching, the alternative universities offer an amazing spectrum of courses in what could be called the American science of happiness. Even the vocational courses are more ambitious than anything you would find in Britain (for instance, *Apartment Management, Blackjack as a Business,* and – best of all – *Backyard Shallow Well Digging*). I certainly can't imagine any local education authority in Britain putting on *Getting High Legally,* with, as recommended texts, *How to grow marijuana indoors under lights* and *Cooking with marijuana.*

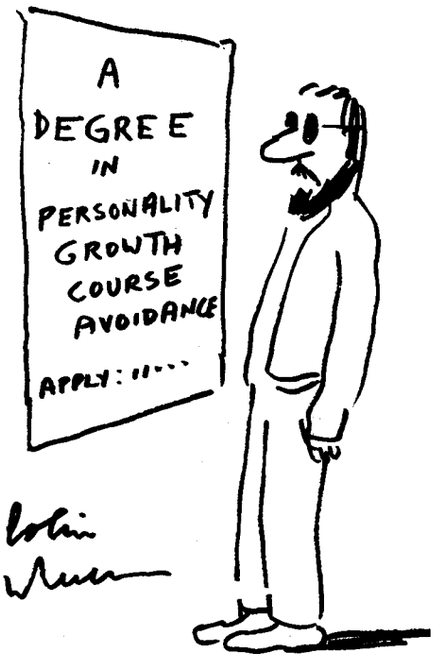
The administrative details and background information are sometimes a bit unnerving. The Open Education Exchange requires that 'class participants agree to hold Exchange harmless (sic) and blameless for their health and safety'. You're on your own with the teacher of L.150, *Are you Busy Being Born or Busy Dying?*: 'Stephen, Bay Area psychiatrist . . . enjoys teaching and talking to plants, animals and people.'

Courses of the latter type abound. Compared to such professional and wordly enterprises for promoting personal growth as Erhard Seminar Training, the alternative university courses are mere cottage industry. But the marks of consciousness technology are everywhere. Teachers are described as having 'worked intensively under' given experts – Renée (*Getting High Legally*) has 'a BA in Hallucinogens from Goddard College and has a great love and respect for the psychedelics'. Or they are said to be graduates of such institutions as the Institute of Human Abilities, the New Center for Love Studies, the Touch for Health Foundation, the Bureau of Spiritual Sciences, and – most awesome of all – the Institute for the Development of the Harmonious Human Being (IDHHB).

The yellow pages throw up another score of personal growth academies, among them the Center for Being, the Center for Energetic Studies, the Center for Global Perspective, and the Center for Human Evolution through Primal Integration and General Experiential Learning.

Technique is all. Discover *The Lustgarten Technique of Disco Dancing;* 'learn the seven rules of relationships'; get into 'insight-confronting techniques'; have yourself a nice shiny kit of 'body-mind re-educating tools'. Work under 'group facilitators', 'holistic health counsellors', 'lifestyle fitness counsellors', and 'assertiveness educators'. Get trained in 'values clarification', 'option structuring', 'love-style problem-solving', 'visualization', 'reflexology', 'sensory awareness', 'body-reading', 'bioenergetics', 'polarity', 'biofeedback', and 'creative dreaming'.

Sometimes the jargon flows so thickly that mental seizure ensues. Take this invitation, for example: 'L.046 *Personalized Self-Healing-Reflexology.* Share your personal health concern in a supportive self-healing circle and learn some ways to restore normalization'. Or this (from the synopsis of a course on *How to Relax*): 'A day of loving yourself and each other. Apply passive relaxation understanding to your lifestyle for dynamic relaxation'. Even the over-weight can't just go away clutching a diet sheet: 'Fat Liberation is a supportive group approach to losing weight through eating and self-awareness exercises'.



'Putting out where you're at' is the theme of many courses. Constructing what is called here 'a self-designed major' in POWYA you might start with *Let Go, Come Out* (only $25) or Jim Spillane's L.147, *Initiating a Relationship* ('Previously shy, instructor has experienced success and would like to share techniques, feelings, and provide support'). Jim, who has 'facilitated over 1000 people in groups', also leads an 'intensive workshop' in assertiveness training, concluding (rather rashly, I'd have thought) with a free wine party. If you want that extra edge of confidence (and a bite to eat), how about an option, *Advanced Psychic Judo* ('How to eliminate rivals; how to disarm your opponent psychically. Coffee and dessert served at break')?

Moving on to practicals, we have two key courses: *Seduction for Fun and Profit* ('Four-session course in the fun relationships are supposed to be whether they are straight, gay, or bi') or Max Spurlock's L.157, *A Foolproof Way to Find a Lover.* The course description here runs:

> Learn to write an ad. that reaches precisely the kind of person you want and screens out undesirables. How to avoid five common pitfalls. To handle the telephone effectively. Meet with dignity. Guaranteed to quickly net you five to fifteen good prospects.

Sceptical? 'Max gets fantastic results with his personal ads'. Perhaps, but Max also runs L.145, *A Simple Way to Remember Better.*

As things move along, you may need L.167 (*Orgasm is Good for You,* by Verna Betts) – 'No explicit sex in class' – or you could get it together with L.045, *Massage Weekend at a Hot Springs* ('clothes are optional'). Later – yoga, iridology, chanting, and hot tub notwithstanding – you might feel like quietly registering for Rob Ennis's *How to Survive Death* (mind, there's a supplementary fee of three bucks). Here you get 'an introduction to transit techniques. How to choose a desirable rebirth. How to survive the three stages of existence between life and death. How to avoid rebirth if you wish to. Practice in maintaining the thread of consciousness from one lifetime to the next'.

Well, yes, eventually perhaps. But for the moment I think I'll stick with run-of-the-mill *Social Skill Training.* It will give me 'aids to more meaningful relationships and personal integrity . . . (is) intimate and deeply experiential'. But, really, it's more that I like the sound of the instructor: 'Henry has worked in the studies of consciousness, psychology, metaphysics, and education for nearly ten years, and in spite of it has not lost his sense of humor'!

In which case, Henry and I should go off to Fresno. There's a new group up there: the Society of Evangelical Agnostics.

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

In the Picture

Kind readers of this column can hardly fail to have been impressed, as month succeeds to month, by the unusually wide sweep of my interests – teeth, God, kipper mousse, my Cousin Madge, Mozart's life in the hereafter, Boots' 'perfume counter', etc. etc. So I trust that I shall not be thought too philistine and indifferent to culture if I announce that I refuse to be bludgeoned into a state of panic by the newspapers over the fact that a picture by Gainsborough may be going to leave us.

The BBC provided a telly shot of the picture in question – a genial and prosperous brewer in rural surroundings. I have never seen the picture in person and rather doubt whether our paths will now ever cross. I face the prospect with fortitude. How long ago was it that we were all nudged into a condition of feverish anxiety over some canvas or other, the work of a continental, I fancy, that was allegedly at risk? We all eagerly and dutifully subscribed our 50p (or was it the ten bob era?) to keep it here. The artist's name, the picture, its subject and its date have all long since been wiped from memory's slate. Nor am I sure if we eventually stumped up enough cash to prevent the thing from leaving us. I hold the view that we have quite enough pictures. Too many, in fact. It wouldn't hurt us to let a few more go abroad. They will be treasured there far more lovingly than here.

It is mainly foreigners, not me, who daily fill the National Gallery. Passing the crowds jostling their way up its steps, it is phrases such as '*Aber, wo ist Elsa*?' and '*Dépêche-toi, Marie*!' that you hear, rather than 'We seem to have lost your mother.'

I regret the fact that the day of the Victorian 'picture that tells a story' is over. These artistic delights once proliferated and, gazed at in later years, sometimes provide simple pleasures not intended by the artist. It is some time since I saw a reproduction of the famous 'Sentence of Death'. As far as I recall, the master of the house has not been feeling quite up to the mark, internal twinges and so on, and has called in their trusty GP, dear old Doctor Boddington, who, prodding and peering and tapping and trying not to whistle under his breath, has sadly pronounced a terminal illness. There the stricken family sits, almost photographically reproduced in oil, digesting the unwelcome tidings. Nothing whatever to smile at here. Sometimes, when the story was a trifle obscure and the reasons for the tear-drenched faces a little puzzling, the picture became a 'problem picture', a subject for lively discussion over dinner.

Paintings of this sort might give new life to the Royal Academy. Of what might a modern story-cum-problem picture consist? I imagine one called, quite simply, 'Caught!', revealing a sunny shopping precinct somewhere in the Midlands, the Co-op window gleaming invitingly in the foreground and displaying notices announcing the day's most attractive and mouth-watering bargains (4p off baked beans, and tinned ravioli slashed to the bare minimum), with the local Tesco just visible, jammed to the doors and smiling a welcome, away on our right. A smartly turned out operative (a builder? A water board employee? A refuse collector?) is emerging from the nearby betting shop, his face just one big question mark. He is staring at his wife, a blindingly blonde housewife, snug in a suede coatee with chunky-knit dolman sleeves and nigger accessories, clip-clopping along the pavement across the road. What is she up to? She has sailed straight past the laundrette, the alleged purpose of her outing, and is making her way instead into the Odeon, a building now mainly devoted to the numerical excitements of Bingo. But see, she has spotted her husband, realises that she has indeed been 'caught' and, with her face half turned, is angrily shouting something challenging at him. Her pouting, lipsticked mouth seems to be forming, so skilful is the painter and so bright his colours, the letter 'F'. 'Fancy seeing you!' perhaps, or 'Fred, but what a lovely surprise!' Anyway, whatever it is, the vivid figures and the rich background of commerce allied to pleasure, could form a charming picture of a bustling nation going splendidly about its business and luxuriating in the full lives that so many of us are now privileged to lead. The only 'problem' is what will occur when Len and Doreen get home.

There was a Victorian picture a century or so ago on another and, in this case, a slightly more unsettling domestic matter – a thrillingly dramatic but untitled marital confrontation from the extremely competent palette of Augustus Egg. The scene is set in a comfortable sitting-room interior, the elaborate gas chandelier and various sumptuous furnishings placing the family firmly in the £1,000 p.a. bracket (three indoor servants and holidays, regardless of expense, in 'rooms' at Eastbourne). Away on the left, two prim little girls, apparently only dimly aware that something unfortunate is up, are quietly making card houses, a placid and well-behaved example to all. Seated at the table is to be seen an ashen-faced husband clutching, crumpled in his hand, a letter and plainly one not intended for him but for his wife. All is, in fact, discovered.

No problem here save the actual identity of her beau. Saucy milkmen with five minutes to spare had not yet come into their own as handy domestic safety-valve releasers. The family solicitor, then? A whiskery neighbour? A hot-blooded curate inflamed with communion wine filched from the vestry? No good asking the lady as she, hands convulsively clapsed together in despair, has done the wise thing and has fainted. There she lies, flat out on the floor and with not a spark left in her. Did the letter say, as they so often did in fiction, 'Fly with me!' It would at that time have been merely a figure of speech, the pair eloping by second class train and smuttily trans-Continental to a *pensione* in one of the cheaper parts of the Italian Riviera.

As might be expected, such pictures often made moral uplift their aim, Holman Hunt providing, in 'The Awakening Conscience', a thoughtful moment, coupled with a feast for the eyes, far from easy though it is to work out exactly what is afoot. A lady (early twenties) has been perched on a gentleman's knee while he, with what must have been some difficulty, played the upright piano, possibly rather a flashy Chopin *étude*, twiddly bits galore. I tend though to think that the music was probably something of a more religious nature, Ketelby's haunting 'In a Monastery Garden' maybe, for the lady, a divine light in her eye, has risen from her unconventional piano-stool and is moving away. What are we to think? Is she a kept woman? Are we in a love-nest and situated, at a guess from the meagre visual evidence available, in the Battersea area? Or have I mistaken the divine light and the lady is merely wondering about the nasty smells coming from the kitchen ('Heavens, Jasper, I never turned the oven down.')? The gig-lamped gentleman has a rather rakish look and appears to have his right foot permanently down on the loud pedal, such an indication of unreliable character that I fear we must infer the worst.

Roger Woddis

Willie the Weeper

Mr Whitelaw says compulsory repatriation of immigrants is 'wrong and totally unacceptable' to the Conservative Party.

Please don't desert us,
You foreign invaders,
Please never leave us,
Your hosts, in the lurch.
We need you in transport,
As nurses and traders,
We need you for charing
And going to church.

Though some are in favour
Of callous coercion,
And pray for your end
With a rope round your throats,
We need you, my friends,
As a useful diversion,
We need you, dear losers,
For winning us votes.

You're tailor-made targets
For certain suggestions,
More marked than the Irish
And darker than Jews.
We need you as fodder
To feed 'Any Questions?'
We need you for scrubbing
The shit off our shoes.

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Letters to the Editor

Yet More Names

Sir, Arthur Marshall (NS 31 March) mentions 'a Houston social leader called Ima Hogg.' I wonder if she's my parents' 1920s Montana schoolmate. That Ima Hogg had a twin sister, who was called Ura. ('What's your name, little girl?').

J. F. BOLTON

Ashford, Co. Wicklow
Eire

Theories on Unemployment

Sir, It was kind of you to mention me by name in your inaugural issue. I hope you prove right in ascribing invincibility to my ideas. But you are in error on other points, including our name. We are nothing so grand as an institute, just a small centre, an ideas exchange and mart.

You are mistaken, too, when you base your argument that unemployment is genuinely involuntary on the ratio between registered unemployed and what you call 'registered' – more accurately, 'notified' – vacancies. This is not comparing like with like. Only a fraction of vacancies are notified to employment centres. This can be ascertained by comparing 'vacancies notified' with numbers taking up new jobs.

Most employers will not trouble to notify employment centres, since they are often sent people who are either unsuitable, or, – to use the Department's own expressions – 'difficult to place', or 'unenthusiastic'. All too often they come with the card simply saying: 'please sign that I am unsuitable'.

Merseyside – which you cite – like Greater Glasgow and parts of London is particularly difficult in this respect for historical and cultural reasons. But the problem exists nationwide. You will note that the intracyclical level of registered unemployment has risen *pari passu* with the steady growth in the ratio between welfare benefits and take-home pay. Do you rule out *a priori* even the possibility that this reflects a causal relationship?

You will note that for the past twenty years, complaints of large-scale unemployment among the unskilled here have co-existed with complaints of labour-shortages which have been used to justify substantial import of unskilled labour from under-developed countries, first from the New Commonwealth, later from the Philippines, Turkey, Spain, Portugal, Morocco, countries to which labour-permits are still being granted quite generously.

I hope you will explain this apparent paradox in subsequent articles.

ALFRED SHERMAN
Director of Studies

Centre for Policy Studies
8 Wilfred Street SW1

Replying to Raphael

Sir, It is easier to respond to a direct attack than to a cheap aside, but Frederick Raphael (NS 7 April) dictated the terms when, in rightly and generously praising the *Jewish Quarterly* he nonetheless felt impelled to denigrate the *Jewish Chronicle* for its 'blinkered banalities', giving as an example a 'possibly apocryphal' report of an international cross-country race which was headlined 'Goldstone Fourteenth'.

It is possible both to defend and to deny the headline. Goldstone's friends, for instance, would want to know where he was placed and the winner's name would have already appeared in the daily press. As it so happens, the headline never appeared.

Where else would Mr Raphael seek the banalities he clearly needs in order to justify whatever it is that bothers him about his Jewishness? In the literary columns, edited by T. R. Fyvel, formerly a distinguished and frequent contributor to your own pages? In the music criticism of Harold Rosenthal, the television reviews of Victoria Radin or in the feature pages which have recently contained articles by Dr David Owen, the Foreign Secretary, Itzhak Rabin, former Prime Minister of Israel, a regular column by Elie Wiesel and a short story by Isaac Bashevis Singer?

Or perhaps he might find his banalities in the news columns which your predecessor, Tony Howard, recently declared in a radio broadcast were 'better informed' than any other daily or weekly journal in the period he was reviewing.

DAVID NATHAN
Assistant Editor

Jewish Chronicle

Spotlight's History

Sir, I am glad Bruce Page paid tribute to Anthony Howard and James Fenton, and sorry he is switching off 'Spotlight'. But he is in error in claiming that this form of journalism was 'invented by the NS'. Howard inaugurated the column in 1961. In the early 1950s Hugh Massingham was, as 'Our political correspondent,' writing a regular column in the *Observer.* In the mid-1950s Henry Fairlie was writing a regular political column in the *Spectator.* (He had been briefly preceded by the late Charles Curran MP.) Fairlie was succeeded in the 1950s by Bernard Levin writing as 'Taper'. Even if Massingham and Levin are excluded on the ground that they wrote pseudonymously – or, in Levin's case, that he wrote parliamentary rather than a political column – Fairlie remains the clear winner.

ALAN WATKINS

The Observer

Garner's and Grunwick

Sir, As an irregular reader of your publication in my quest for enlightenment on current affairs and politics, I was most intrigued by the 'Fort Steak House' item in this week's 'Notes on Politics and Power' (NS 7 April). In comparing the ten-week-old dispute at Garner's Steak Houses and the Grunwick strike, your writer (in an obvious flash of serendipity) opined that:

> Like Grunwick, Garner's is a small tight-knit family business running a chain of restaurants in the West End.

So at last we have the reason why George Ward and his right-wing Tory backers were able to withstand the combined forces of union power, arbitration and an independent report by one of Her Majesty's most highly respected judicial figures; simply old-fashioned capitalistic diversification. While the representatives of the *vox populi* were clamouring outside his Willesden factory gates, Ward, no doubt aided by John Gouriet, was setting up a secret chain of West End restaurants under our very noses. The pieces of the Grunwick jigsaw can now be joined together; the profits from the restaurant chain served to keep Ward solvent during moments of crisis last summer. All his threats about legal action if Grunwick's post was interfered with . . . a mere smokescreen to draw the unions' fire.

The task of bringing Grunwick to its knees can now be reduced to a simple and enticing operation. Find out which of the West End restaurants are secretly owned or backed by George Ward and picket these effectively: I venture to suggest that the desired result could then be achieved in a matter of 'weeks rather than months'.

JAMES CORSAN

20 Farmer Street
London W8

Socialist Controls

Sir, 'Nobody but a fool pretends that . . . there is anything socialist about them' (NS 7 April). How true. Import controls are, in fact, an unpleasant manifestation of jingoistic Toryism. The belief that exporting unemployment is in any way justifiable should not be found in the pages of a 'radical or socialist' journal.

But to take a purely practical stand: how are import controls to reduce unemployment? Presumably, it is expected that imported finished goods that are in direct competition with British ones will be banned, while pouring money into the economy to stimulate demand. This, it is hoped, will cause output to rise and unemployment to be reduced. In fact, what is far more likely to happen is that prices will rise, creating more inflation and thus more unemployment.

No, the problems in the economy cannot be solved in this way. While the control of the means of production and distribution remains in the hands of a sector that is concerned only with profit and with the benefit of the capitalist class, no solution is possible.

Social Democrats do not accept that the government of a country should rest with a small non-accountable sector. Why, then, do they tolerate a situation in which the economic wealth and power of the land does not belong to the people?

Surely, the only logical solution is that business is run on the basis of need not profit. This can be done. The people must be given full control over the means of production.

The inherent contradictions of capitalism cannot be plastered over for much longer. We must go on into a democratic and internationalist Socialist society. A society that cares for all people, both in this country and abroad.

I. W. FOWLER

24 Ash Grove
London SE20

Apostrophised

Sir, I know the apostrophe is supposed to contribute to a nice, easy style but the following sentence from Bruce Page's London Diary (NS 7 April) is really a bit much:

> The trouble is to convince oneself that it's advice – as against resolution – that's been the commodity we've lacked most seriously in the post-war decades.

A candidate for This English?

GEORGE LAURENCE

9 Old Square
Lincoln's Inn
WC2A 3SR.

Wrong Foot

Sir, I will give Paul Foot £5 if he can find 'What do they know of England, who only England know?' in Kipling's 'Recessional'. Perhaps he should remember Kipling's lines 'the truth you've spoken twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools'!

MIYA SIMMONDS

15 Horbury Crescent
London W11

FOOTNOTE: The line comes from 'The English Flag', and we should no doubt have caught it.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Peter Conrad

Jaws of Darkness

Fiction and the Fiction Industry by J. A. SUTHERLAND *Athlone Press* £6.95

The novel has always been an image of industry. Its first hero, Robinson Crusoe, is a primitive capitalist for whom the conscientious transcription of his experience is a chore congruent with the cutting of wood or the planting of crops. After the industrial revolution, the novelist turns into a harried toiler on a production line, scrambling to keep up with the importunate consumer. Buying paper on which to write the next monthly segment of a novel, Dickens was alarmed to hear an anxious reader ask the stationer for that as yet unwritten instalment: creative work had become industrial labour, and the novel's task was to fill a predetermined quota of pages each month.

Now industry has changed and so has the novel. No longer an artisan like Crusoe, the novelist is now a slick broker of prospective successes, cynically researching his market and selling paperback rights in advance of publication for millions of dollars. He doesn't manufacture a product but barters with an alluring property. In the new industrial world of corporate power, the novelist is the hireling of the executives. The case of the sequel to *Jaws* is instructive. Peter Benchley, uninterested in writing a second shark epic, sold all rights in his characters to Universal Pictures and its publishing subsidiary, and left to the financiers the choice of an author for *Jaws 2*. And when one was chosen, his assignment was to produce a scrupulously unoriginal 'novelisation' of a screenplay. The novelist, who began in the 18th century as a self-employed cottage industrialist like Crusoe, and became in the 19th century a profiteering tycoon, has now turned himself into a public corporation, and no longer even pretends to ownership of the characters he invented.

J. A. Sutherland's *Fiction and the Fiction Industry* is concerned with changes like this in the production and distribution of fiction. Its subject is not so much the sociology of literature as the sociology of authorship, and the dual transformation of the American novelist into an employee of the corporations (like Benchley's deputy) and the English novelist into a meek, subsidised civil servant, sustained by alms from the Arts Council and a salary (possibly) from Public Lending Right. Sutherland's model is Q. D. Leavis's *Fiction and the Reading Public*. He lacks Mrs Leavis's tone of ferocious ululation, which is a pity: he is cautious about subjects to which her denunciatory zeal would have been appropriate – the scandal of the *New Review*, for instance, or the recent canonisation of Melvyn Bragg as literary conscience of the welfare state. But from Mrs Leavis comes his assumption that the novel matters so centrally that the conditions of its production and its economic prospects demand urgent investigation.

The celebration of the novel's redemptive power, and its election as a scriptural sanctuary of humane values, was briefly convincing when supported by the missionary fervour of the Leavises; Sutherland, like the publishers he quotes, tends to take it lazily for granted that 'it is on first novels that the continuing literary health of a culture depends'. The ease of the assumption weakens it. Why should a single form have a moral monopoly? This automatic reverence for the novel betrays the conservatism and the mental lassitude of literary commentary. No musician would dare to maintain that the continuing health of his art depends on the steady supply of classical symphonies, no painter would contend that the pre-eminent forms are still the portrait or the landscape; but literary criticism goes on trusting in a form which belongs to the 19th century and which in the last 50 years has produced little but parody of its own past.

The novelists about whose professional livelihood Sutherland so compassionately exercises himself are assumed to be a special case, like coal miners or paraplegics. But why are they more indispensable or more deserving than poets or translators, or even biographers and literary historians? The novel has casually inherited the approbation which criticism reserves for one particular form: in the past it was the twelve-book epic or the five-act tragedy; in the shoddy age of democratic prose, that authoritative status passed to the three-decker novel. Such critical esteem is always conferred after the creative event. The epic became a testimonial of poetic and even tribal achievement only after Homer and Virgil had intimidated all future aspirants; tragedy acquired its existential prowess after Shakespeare had rendered the drama obsolete; the Leavises consecrated the novel as the bright book of life at the same time as declaring its great tradition closed.

These categories of generic esteem are established by critics, and are therefore retrospective. Contemporary novelists are comfortably trading on an admiration for the vitality of the form between 1760 and 1925, and have the cheek to demand pensions in exchange for the genius of their predecessors. Sutherland himself unsettles the presumption on which his work depends by quoting Walter Benjamin in a postscript: 'Novels did not always exist in the past, nor must they necessarily exist in the future.' Other forms will occupy the space they vacate: 'the commentary, the translation, yes, even the pastiche, have not always existed as mere minor exercises in the margin of literature.' To wax apocalyptical about the novel, like Lawrence wondering whether to prescribe surgery or a bomb, is to pay it a compliment which is no longer warranted.

Sutherland's anxiety about the novel's survival may seem gratuitous, but he writes acutely and amusingly about the book-trade, mocking both the genteel, pretentious incompetence of English publishers and the crass market-manipulation of their American colleagues. His text is afflicted by a blizzard of statistics, and too many sentences read like hasty and ugly jottings from bureaucratic memos: 'the costing of the series', he says of *The Glittering Prizes*, 'was, apparently, tight for a conception of such scale: £40,000 per episode with a ceiling of £210,000.' But though he limits himself to the analysis of industrial practices, he has things to say which are of more general critical significance, because he catches the novel defining and calculating its own market.

A best-seller today must be a multinational success, and novels with this ambition therefore set themselves to describe the global affluence they are exploiting. Hence the themes of Arthur Hailey or Frederick Forsyth or Ian Fleming are international ('espionage, hotels, war, airports, international finance'), and the novelists themselves slither across national boundaries, 'flitting like the action of their narratives from one exotic setting to the next, as the accountants direct'. Hailey was born in England, lives in Canada, but writes mainly for and about the United States; Carter Brown is 'an Australian living in England, writing detective stories set in the United States, largely printed in Hong Kong, and best sellers in Europe (especially West Germany)'. These airborne idylls of conspicuous consumption have detached themselves not only from locality but even from the superannuated form of the novel: they exist to be turned into films, and are less novels than would-be screenplays.

Gore Vidal once said that the novel's special preserve was that private mental region 'where no camera may follow'; but the novel has by now reconciled itself to servilely beckoning the camera to follow it. Perhaps it is true, as Sutherland suggests, that 'inexorably rising production' has meant 'inexorably falling standards', but if quality deserts the novel it will migrate somewhere else. Rather than simply lamenting its passing, the critic should attempt to trace its passage.

Among this week's contributors:

THOMAS M. DISCH's most recent publications are *334* and *Getting into Death*.

T. A. SHIPPEY is Fellow in English at St John's College, Oxford. He has written several books on Old English, and is preparing several more on and of sf.

J. G. BALLARD's latest collection of stories, *Low-Flying Aircraft*, will be coming out in paperback this summer.

MARTIN AMIS was science-fiction critic for the *Observer*, 1974-77. His third novel, *Success*, was published this week by Cape.

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George MacDonald Fraser

Brilliance and Blood

Outcasts of the Sea: Pirates and Piracy by EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH *Paddington Press* £6.95

There are plenty of reasons why the pirate is one of the affectionately regarded figures in our folk-lore. On the simplest level he is the fantastic, comic-opera ruffian of childhood, rolling about in outlandish gear, shivering timbers and growling like Robert Newton, a popular happy ogre not to be taken seriously; even when we discover that the gaudy, impossible image is firmly based on nasty historic fact, Captain Hook and Long John Silver remain familiar friends. On a higher plane, the pirate appeals to an atavistic longing that civilisation can never bury. He is the free, romantic, independent spirit, recognising no law but his own, endowed with strength and mobility to plunder with impunity all manner of rich unworthy foreigners, and serve them right. To a pirate nation like the British, his appeal is immediate and enduring, fed by popular literature, films, and (no doubt unintentionally) by serious history. Even in our liberal age, there are staid executives and assembly-line workers who in imagination wade in blood and rum at Nombre de Dios, sweeping up nubile Spanish wenches and buckets of moidores, retiring eventually in triumph to Tortuga or Hampstead.

Distance lends enchantment, of course. What seems tolerable, even vaguely respectable, and deplorably good fun at Portobello in the 17th century, looks rather different when committed by football hooligans on a cross-channel ferry. The scale may be smaller, but the primitive, wicked urge is the same, and the smug moralist might ask whether a nation which idolises Francis Drake really deserves any better. Therein lies another explanation of the pirate's lasting popularity. He is firmly, if subconsciously, identified in our folk-myth as an occasional patriot, and not without cause. After all, England and the Protestant cause were saved by the sea-robbers who burned the Armada out of Gravelines; the buccaneers under Morgan were undoubtedly doing their country's work along the Spanish Main, if unintentionally and for the worst possible reasons. Apologists cite letters of marque, and make much of distinctions between privateer, buccaneer, and mere pirate; but we are left with the suspicion that, whatever the appearance of legitimacy, the basic, greedy instinct was usually the same. Even at his most unashamed, though, the pirate of British popular imagination, confined as he is in two centuries of national resurgence, bears a vague smack of patriotism. (Didn't the deplorable Blackbeard, the archetypal pirate of pantomime, have a ship called *Queen Anne's Revenge*?)

Thus the myth, rooted in some truth, fostered by national pride and by admirers ranging from Defoe to the Warner Brothers, has endured, and however distorted it may be it is still necessary, as Mr Lucie-Smith points out, to take it into account along with historic fact. That same fact, of course, has a habit of outstripping fiction – as witness Blackbeard, or Stede Bonnet, or Long Ben Avery and the Mogul argosy, or Morgan's escape from Maracaibo, or Calico Jack and his female filibusters. It is no wonder, with such truths to draw on, if the pirate image is unreal, and borders on the ridiculous.

However, our native pirates and their legend are only part of a universal phenomenon. British, French and Dutch freebooters may have perfected the art and given it its widest publicity, but the roll of dishonour covered in *Outcasts of the Sea* includes the ancient Mediterranean rovers, Vikings, Barbary corsairs, Baltic and Channel pirates, the China Sea marauders of Borneo and Bias Bay, and even the yacht-thieves of our own day – not much heard of, presumably because, like those enterprising souls who still pillage merchantmen in African ports, their activities are overshadowed by the new pirates of the air.

Mr Lucie-Smith's book, although it covers the field, is too short to be called a history proper; it is rather an extended survey, an outline of piracy in its historical context, interwoven as it was with warfare, commerce, exploration and imperial expansion. As such, it is good, and profusely illustrated (Anne Bonney and Mary Read are immodestly prominent, as usual, along with the Exquemelin portraits, L'Ollonois disembowelling Spaniards, a profusion of old maps and prints, and even Charles Laughton as Captain Kidd meeting Abbot and Costello, for good measure). Obviously it suffers from compression – a couple of pages for Morgan, that brilliant and bloody rascal who, but for chance, might have been numbered among the great captains; and a mere five lines for Panama – and there has been no room for such beguiling eccentrics as Bully Hayes or Lancelot Blackburne, that reputed buccaneer who became Archbishop of York and called for booze and baccy in the vestry. However, if students of Burney, Johnson, Le Golif and Exquemelin find few new facts, they may find some fresh thoughts.

Most of these are in the opening chapter, in which the author reviews the pirate in literature, films, and the theatre, rightly emphasising their importance in forming the pirate image. This deserved fuller treatment, particularly in the field of pirate literature – Stevenson, Sabatini and Defoe are obviously essential, and are given their due (although 'careless' is the last adjective I'd have thought of applying to Sabatini); but the survey is sadly incomplete without Masefield, Byron, Conan Doyle, Farnol, Philip Lindsay, and the memorable S. Walkey, to say nothing of Barrie and Gilbert, who surely did as much to establish the 'nursery' pirate as anyone.

There is however a thoughtful analysis of Johnson's *General History*, the great source book attributed to Defoe (I wish I could be as sure of the provenance of Le Golif), and Mr Lucie-Smith has done his homework well in the succeeding chapters. He is a level-headed enthusiast, with a sound sense of his subject's historical importance, which was not small, especially in our own island story. Even in his romanticised form, yo-yo-ho, Jolly Roger and all, the pirate is not entirely a trivial figure; they say that during the war Winston Churchill was refreshed by watching Errol Flynn saving England from Spanish invasion in *The Sea-Hawk*. Swashbuckling dreams have their uses, too.

William Shawcross

Slug Heaps

The Ends of Power by H. R. HALDEMAN *Sidgwick & Jackson* £6.95

Haldeman did not like the way in which Nixon reacted to the unravelling of the Watergate coverup: 'as the wolves started to close in [Nixon] continued to follow the strategy of throwing an occasional baby to them to try and stop the chase.' Haldeman, one is pleased to note, found this practice rather shocking: 'unfortunately each baby, right from the beginning, had only whetted the wolves' appetite.' Even Nixon would eventually run out of babies to murder. Alas, Haldeman reflects, 'tactically as well as morally there were many mistakes'. If he gives us little idea of the moral errors – infanticide, after all, was wrong only tactically – it is because from where Haldeman has always lived they simply aren't visible. In the summer of 1973, when John Dean was giving the first reasonably truthful description of the Nixon White House and Nixon's role in Watergate, the columnist Jo Alsop called Haldeman a 'bottom dwelling slug'. It was unfair, but it was a good phrase and it suits Haldeman admirably.

At one level Haldeman's book does not disappoint; it is as nasty a portrayal of a nasty politician as one might expect from a slug who turned. (That happened because Nixon blamed him for everything during the Frost interviews.) As long as Haldeman had known him – since 1956 – Nixon was vicious. He recalls that in his car on a campaign trip in 1950 the Vice President lost his temper and began to kick the front seat in which sat Major Don Hughes, his military aide. 'And he wouldn't stop. Thump! Thump! Thump! The seat and the hapless Hughes jolted forward jaggedly as Nixon vented his rage.' At the next stop Hughes – white-faced, we are told – silently got out and walked off 'to get as far away as he could from the Vice President'. It was Haldeman who slithered after him, 'apologised for Nixon and finally talked him into rejoining us'.

From then on, Haldeman saw his job as one of indulging those of Nixon's hatreds that he considered useful (for Nixon and for Haldeman) and covering up those unpleasant habits and actions he thought

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might be 'tactically as well as morally' mistaken. He claims, as have so many Nixon apologists, that Nixon had 'a light side' and 'a dark side'. (For obvious reasons he fails completely to describe the light side.) From the start, Haldeman realised that Nixon did not like his dark side being 'critiqued'. Those friends who did try to critique it 'didn't seem to last long' and Haldeman 'felt that the first essential for me – to be of any effect at all – was to survive in the job'. This, he claims, was not self-serving; he just wanted to do his best for Nixon. He never tells us why, probably because the question never occurs to him. Indeed, in the entire book there is not one single thought about the nature of politics, American society or, despite the title, power. How could there be? Haldeman's own description of his role precludes it. He acknowledges that Nixon saw some of his associates, notably Herb Klein and Bob Finch, 'in human terms; as people'. This meant that Nixon just could not deal with them and so they had no influence. Haldeman realised that to be close to Nixon he had to be inhuman. A slug perhaps? No, but 'he didn't see me as a person or even, I believe, as a human being. I was a machine. A robot'. (He even compares himself to a robot in *Star Wars*.)

> From Nixon's viewpoint that's what I was. And I was a good machine. I was efficient. I didn't require a lot of 'oiling' – and he wasn't good at 'oiling'.

The trouble with this and almost all other books from the Nixon White House is that while they can be unconsciously both revealing and self-revealing, their authors are liars. Haldeman was imprisoned for perjury after lying through his teeth and trying to discredit John Dean before the Ervin Committee. Now he just shrugs away those lies – 'I was trying my best to protect the President' – and produces an account of Nixon rather similar to Dean's. It may have interesting titbits but without long study of other texts and sources no reader can know what is true or false – because Haldeman is now doing his best to protect Haldeman.

He embraces every conspiracy theory of Watergate and tells us little that is new. Predictably, Nixon was the victim of his traditional enemies: the press, the bureaucracy, Congress and the intelligence community (he is right that the CIA's role has still not been fully explained). His analysis of Nixon's foreign policy is extraordinarily trivial and, in his accounts of how Nixon saved the world from nuclear war, almost certainly grossly inaccurate. But his account of Kissinger coincides with most others from inside the White House. His Kissinger is an unkind paranoid whose intellect shone largely because he kept such dim company (Haldeman ceaselessly calls him brilliant); he was the moving force behind the wiretaps and his hysteria led to the formation of the Plumbers. He claims, and it may well be true, that one of Nixon's main purposes in installing the taping system was to have a record of what Kissinger really said to him. Certainly, this often conflicted with what he told his 'liberal' journalist friends in Georgetown. Now, Haldeman says, it is Kissinger who is most 'determined to stop the tapes from reaching the public'. After Nixon resigned 'it was Henry who called him and insisted on Nixon's right to destroy the tapes'. That sort of overkill was always Kissinger's forte and luckily the idea impelled Congress to deny Nixon possession of any of his papers or tapes. One day, with luck, they will reveal the Kissinger of whom this and other Watergate books give only a glimpse.

Donald G. MacRae

Reform School

Maria Montessori by RITA KRAMER *Blackwell* £9.50

Maria Montessori was born in 1870 and died in 1952. She had led the life of a diva, a sacred monster who travelled the world with an entourage, with the great and the good to applaud her arrivals and cover her with awards, with devoted disciples to greet and serve her, with the attention of the press, and with the comfort of great hotels to console her. She counted infant schoolteachers in Pollokshields and Hornsey along with Mussolini and a Viceroy of India among her friends and patrons. She believed that the right reform of education would in turn reform and redeem the world. Like many world reformers she rejected for long her own illegitimate child – Rousseau and Marx are parallel cases – but her universe was child-centred, and her son eventually became her factotum and business manager.

Rita Kramer has written a continually interesting book about Montessori and has not flagged in her researches into a life led in so many countries and an influence so widely exercised. The book improves as it goes on, but the presentation is always clear and direct, though the prose is occasionally awkward and the judgments naïve. It is, as the author claims, something more than a life: it is also a contribution to intellectual and social history.

Education as a subject – even, sometimes, it is claimed, a science – is very odd. On the whole, philosophers do not read the philosophy of education, historians the history of education, or even sociologists the sociology of education. Only the psychologists take the psychology of education seriously, and there are those cynical enough to regard this as only appropriate. Yet education is a great world-wide industry. In industrial countries about one-sixth of every normal life is spent in being schooled, and the schools are shaped by the influence and power of the education industry.

Montessori contributed to this industry and at one time turned her corner of it into a business monopoly which was in truth an early multinational. Her intellectual foundations were peculiar. She believed she was a scientist in all her work, both in medicine and education. Rita Kramer is unfortunately at her weakest in her account of the transition made by Montessori from being the first woman doctor in Italy – an

Anthony Trollope
ARTHUR POLLARD
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extraordinary achievement in itself – to infant teaching. The external facts are given: the Casa dei Bambini for poor children, the interest in the subnormal, and so on. But what made Montessori as a theorist and methodologist is not clear. One thing, however, is stressed: anthropology, that physical anthropology of the late 19th and early 20th century which measured everything and explained everything by its indices – including criminality, concupiscence, genius and idiocy. This pseudo-science, one suspects, gave Montessori her paradigm of scientific knowledge. To it she added the idea of progress and the consolations of faiths – the religion of humanity, Catholicism, socialism, mysticism and a general uplifting urgency. Without her science and these consolations she, who got everywhere, would have got nowhere in a hard if soft-headed world.

It was important to stress that children are not merely little adults but exist in their own non-adult ways. It was important to stress the sensual compounds of learning. It was important, even if it was to become heretical, to believe in the 'transfer of training'. It was correct to recognise and try to use stages of sensitivity in child development. It is still necessary to stress that the context of the child's life and experience affects its individual achievement of intellectual power. It is also still necessary to value both liberty and order in education. It was not, surely, wrong to see the 'tasks of everyday life' as being of educational value.

In all these matters Montessori was a pioneer. As Rita Kramer points out, some of the most obvious criticisms of her work are beside the point. Montessori, for all her travels, was very Italian and assumed the universality of the Italian child-centred family with its emotional warmth and also its suffocating closeness. When this is remembered, much that seems to be missing in her message is explained. But to Montessori two things were central: a technology and what may be called a Party or, at least, a Montessorian Order.

The technology, the educational materials, were her monopoly, her source of cash, of psychic profit and of power. By making licensing and controlling the use of these educational aids – the point of her 'science' – she sought also to control her disciples in America, England, Holland, Austria, France, Russia and the Antipodes. In itself the technology largely worked; modified and added to, it is largely still at work in the schools. Much of it is intrinsically attractive and inventive. But as the core of a movement, of a hierarchical organisation, it was not enough. Some used it mechanically. Others rebelled or became schismatic. A few set up as anti-Popes. Others became missionaries, with all the dangers of that role to themselves and to the Montessorian Order.

The storms, the feuds, the reconciliations were like the operas of the early Verdi. Rita Kramer misses their comedy. But they are among the most rewarding and funniest things in her patient, clear and valuable book, a case study for all students of heresy, schism, conspiracy and authority. They are also dead history. What lives is benignly present in nursery and infant teaching.

Hermione Lee

Curtains

Kalki by GORE VIDAL *Heinemann* £4.50
Yukiko by MACDONALD HARRIS *Gollancz* £4.95
Dreaming of Babylon by RICHARD BRAUTIGAN *Cape* £3.95
Hunt by A. ALVAREZ *Macmillan* £4.95

These four narrators are in deep trouble. Victims or witnesses of the most macabre and horrifying possibilities that modern life – particularly American life – allows, they are hanging on like grim death to a sense of themselves. But selfhood is violently at risk in these doom-laden thrillers; there is no room for heroes or heroines, and probably not even for human beings, any more.

Naturally the jokes are black. Vidal's are unnaturally so, shiny as jet, with cruel malice and linguistic verve. Never one for minor topics, in this epical-satirical prank he describes in characteristic 'memoir' form the end of the world as we know it, and its sequel. The narrator of this wickedly credible Dies Irae, Teddy Ottinger, is a glamorous bisexual aviatrix, famous for her ghost-written book *Beyond Motherhood*, and proud of her cauterised tubes, her alimony payments to her ex-husband, her excellent knowledge of French literature and her resemblance to Amelia Earhart. By one of the novel's many cold-blooded ironies, this proud New Woman is lured into the service of Jim Kelly, alias 'Kalki', former GI from New Orleans, now living in Katmandu with 'Lakshni' (or Doris Pannicker from Maryland), self-styled avatar of Vishnu, and prophet of doom to a susceptible America.

One expects the end of the world to be elegantly side-stepped, explained away as a joke or trick. But Vidal coolly allows for ordinary explanations – of 'Kalki' as a monstrous public relations hoax, as an immense political conspiracy, as a worldwide narcotics racket – in order to surpass them. The plot, as ruthless and cunning as the novel's account of a society which can fall for and be destroyed by Kalki, slips outside the standard limits to be expected of apocalyptic fantasies, and has no trouble at all with the inconceivable.

Its best jokes, however, apply to the world we know. Vidal turns to brilliantly abrasive use his evident paranoia about liberated women, smog, gurus, Southern politicians, and the misuse of language whereby 'Words become mere incantation. When that happens, the end is near, and the cold'. Teddy's cynical voice is a transparent cover for Vidal's:

> I will note for future historians of our culture what I overheard . . . at a party in Long Beach. A girl came up to the man I was talking to and announced: 'Hi! I'm Bettina. I'm into health food, water sports and bondage.' I knew then – in a blinding flash – that the Great Anarch in the sky was all set to let fall the curtain.

Her cold eye encompasses the imitation 'hayseed' Senators, rhetoricians in 'twice-born red-neck lingo', the media that creates believers ('End of the world. Take one'), the absurd, exotic monsters who populate the CIA, the Bureau of Narcotics and the Kalki movement, and the all-American eccentricities of her own dear friends: 'Arlene was sitting at the edge of her gall-bladder shaped pool. Large imitation gall-stones on the bottom lit up at night.' When words fail her, she lapses into her ghost-writer's vocabulary: 'Gingerly, a favourite Herman V. Weiss adverb': 'Davies narrowed (H.V.W.) his small eyes.' The message is plain. When language is dead, it's time to bring back the monkeys. This – it dawns – is not an anarchic horror story: it's a conservative's gleeful wish-fulfilment.

The emphasis is precisely contrary in Macdonald Harris's tense, unassuming story about the *real* end of a world, of Americans in Japan at the time of Hiroshima. *Yukiko* works, Hemingway-like, through understatement and obliqueness, not shock tactics, and its narrator, far from cynical, is an American submarine commander who makes sympathetic attempts to understand the dignified, mystical culture which his country is bent on destroying. Harris saves himself from a tendency to softness by his talent for clinical descriptions: of the translator's fine verbal adjustments, of a man assembling a Sten gun, and – most unlikely – of a condom factory.

Harris's authenticity and Vidal's grown-up inventiveness make Brautigan look childish. His rules are too restrictive; his convention of negating or parodying all conventions has become tiresomely rigid. This winsome pastiche of Chandler only makes one yearn for Chandler's own solidity of plot and complexity of characters, attributes which a freewheeling minimalist fiction cannot afford. Instead, bijou chapterettes, not long enough to look serious, tell the story strip-cartoon style. Set in San Francisco, 1942, it follows the misfortunes of a hopeless but cute private-eye with no bullets to his gun, unable to concentrate because he's always dreaming of being a champion baseball player in 596 BC, who's employed by a daunting blonde to steal a corpse from a one-legged morgue attendant but is prevented by the ruthless Sergeant Rink, who quells his opponents by shutting them in the morgue ice-box with the stiffs. And so on.

Hunt, the hero of *Hunt*, a thoroughly dislikeable man in a deeply dislikeable world, has even fewer breaks than Brautigan's 'lovable' duffer. Hunt is an assistant sales-manager who gambles, ignores his wife, paints in secret, loves his dog and plays a skilful game of five-card stud. (The poker provides the most spirited passages in a drab thriller; it's not a book for non-players.) He is pushed into a consciousness of sinister threats and surveillance by his unwitting involvement with a glossy Knightsbridge criminal set, portrayed with old-fashioned disapproval. London comes to seem entirely populated with plain-clothes men, spies, hit-men and paranoids. Hunt comforts himself with such profound maxims as 'There are survivors and there are schmucks' and 'It's all poker. One way or another'. And these – apart from the message that we're all being watched – seem to be the principal quarry.

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Science Fiction

Thomas M. Disch

Quantum Leaps

The Runaway Universe by PAUL DAVIES
Dent £5.95

The first cosmology we acquire is that common to roosters and Ecclesiastes: the sun also rises – and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold. By adolescence this awareness has been rounded out into something approaching the clockwork orrery of Newtonian consensus – as set forth here by Paul Davies in a passage of ritual simplicity, a kind of collect from a 20th-century Book of Common Sense:

> The Earth belongs to a collection of nine planets which orbit a star we call the sun. The whole group is called the solar system, and even though it is the smallest astronomical unit to which we belong, its size is still too large to visualise.

Amen to that. It is not, however, the whole story. Some hundred years ago cracks began to appear in this edifice – at first quite microscopic but soon alarmingly large. Matter was found to be constituted of particles that were sometimes better understood, paradoxically, as energy. A bomb demonstrated the correctness, and relevance, of the new physical theories to even the most sceptical. A more powerful bomb provided a model for the day-to-day operations of the sun, underlining the respects in which the two realms of the sub-atomic and the astronomical are, in essence, one. The old cosmology simply would not do. At this juncture, *circa* 1953, the common reader, looking about for a world-view to wear round his neck, would probably have lighted on James Jeans's *The Mysterious Universe* (1930).

In the last 25 years the universe has once more altered out of recognition. While astronomers have been discovering and seeking to explain such anomalies as black holes, pulsars, quasars, and various obscure forms of radiation humming through the ether, particle physicists have disassembled the atom into an amazing array of components, each of which seems to have entered the creation via Lewis Carroll's looking-glass. Indeed, the queerest of the lot, the quark, derives part of its name from Carroll's Snark. Consider one of the *least* suppositional of the new particles, the neutrino:

> Neutrinos are unlike other particles in that they cannot be brought to rest . . . Moreover they spin as they move, in an extraordinary way . . . An object like a ball must be rotated through 360 degrees in order to present the same aspect as before but a neutrino needs *two* rotations through 360 degrees to achieve this. It is as though it has a double view of the universe – one for each complete rotation. But most peculiar of all is that matter . . . is almost completely transparent to neutrinos . . . they may easily pass right through the Earth without being noticed . . . Their existence is now beyond doubt.

According to the currently accepted cosmogony, the first minutes of the universe's coming into existence are a literally unimaginable dosey-do of particles as odd as the neutrino or even odder, which alter their names and natures microsecond by microsecond. 'The entire material content of our galaxy,' Davies explains, 'with its hundred billion suns, would have been squeezed into little more than a tenth of a millimetre. About such an unfamiliar world all intuition deserts us.'

How then, one may ask, are such cosmogonies contrived? It is done not by mirrors but with a kind of supra-mathematics known as quantum mechanics, concerning which the common reader will never discover any more than that it is totally inaccessible to him. Recurrently in *The Runaway Universe* a train of thought will brake to a sudden halt with some such locution as, 'In recent years many very detailed calculations have been made' – into whatever. All trails end at the same unscaleable rockface. For the laity modern physics requires as blind a faith as any religion. Nor is the situation likely to improve, for it is doubtful that any modern Copernicus is going to come along and rid the system of its epicycles. Quantum mechanics resists simplification as resolutely as Jehovah resists graven images.

Yet the reader who is able to accept 6" impossible things before breakfast and keep pressing forward through Davies's vasty dim obscure will be rewarded. Though the world-view one is afforded is scarcely talismanic in the way of traditional cosmologies, there are moments, especially towards the end of the book, that zap the sense of wonder and send the mind's eye careening through coulisses of ever-expanding hypotheses as through the swirling spaces of a Matta or a John Martin painting. This is not accomplished by such artful devices as metaphor or rhetoric, for Davies's writing is of the plainest. The appeal of the book lies rather in its po-faced, slow-paced exposition of the wholly hypothetical history of the cosmos from the big bang to the final heat death. The effect is of an ideal hard-core sf novel stripped of all penny-dreadful posturings and treating exclusively of the most high-flown and hazy Ideas. Indeed, in his final chapters Davies permits himself a liberty of speculation more customary to sf than to science proper, rising at times to such rocket-flights of technocratic hubris as this:

> . . . the history of the cosmos . . . will no doubt be seen as overwhelmingly the history of technology . . . a billion billion or more years of black hole manipulation following a mere one hundred billion years of uncontrolled stellar activity. For . . . individuals [of the future], machine or biological, the universe and the processes of the natural world will simply *be* technology.

Such lyric outbursts are the exception rather than the rule in *The Runaway Universe*, which on the whole sets forth the general contours of modern cosmological theory in a form that any attentive reader on the cis-human side of the two-cultures gap will be able to follow and enjoy.

Tom Disch

Questions your Children Are Certain to Ask

Why is the sky grey? And how do we know
In the fall, when the nights begin to swell
With cold, where the sidewalks go?
Why is the world everywhere closed
In a smile? Why is my heart
Locked out of reach in my chest?
Which is best – the light, or the warmth,
Or the sight of the sun as it sinks in
the west?
How do the different prohibitions grow
On fenceposts and the trunks of trees?
Are they alive? Are nails their roots?
How many moments make one slice
of cake?
How many chairs are a life? If I swim
In the engines that power the lake, will
I die?

Lewis Carroll

Fragments of a looking glass

Jean Gattégno

Translated by Rosemary Sheed

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T. A. Shippey

Practical Pig

The Creation of Tomorrow: 50 Years of Magazine Science Fiction by PAUL A. CARTER *Columbia University Press* $16.20

In the Year of the Sputnik (1957) there were about 40 sf magazines published in Britain and America. Probably each printed five stories an issue. Probably they averaged six issues a year. That makes something like a thousand sf short stories or novellas or serialised novel parts to read through if you want total coverage of the field for 1957; and 1957 is only one of the 50 years since *Amazing Stories* started and a genre was born. To take the same phenomenon another way, *Astounding*, the most continuously-published of the 'pulps', must by itself have printed 20 million words before it changed its name to *Analog* in 1960, and another 10 million since. From either calculation it's obvious that '50 years of magazine science fiction' is forever beyond the reach of scholarly research. No one, no matter how desperate for a Ph.D., is going to read all *that* just for the sake of completeness. Only someone who lives sf, and who has lived it for most of that magazine period, will ever have the capacity to make even reasonably well-founded generalisations.

Yes, one may conclude, but this is just another version of *Catch-22*, since anyone who has read all those millions of words of pulp, and who has had the inner compulsion to do so, must *ipso facto* be mad, so that his generalisations can't have any value after all. The argument is very nearly convincing, and would be absolutely so if Carter had not written *The Creation of Tomorrow*. For he clearly is not mad, and equally clearly knows sf magazines with the kind of intimacy which does not come from library stacks but from buying them with pocket-money, swapping them with your friends, arguing frantically with their editors, and in the end sending them your own stories so that you too can be a part of the swelling tide – the normal state, in fact, of the sf fanatic, or fan. What makes people like that? What can sf have *got*? Mr Carter has managed to come back from that undiscovered country, from whose bourn most travellers return only to squeak and gibber, and actually tell us the answers.

What has sf got, then? Well, for one thing it offers the assurance (illusory or not) that you are still in some way master of your fate, that you know what is going to happen next. This feeling has been getting stronger ever since 1945. In that year the A-bomb, it's fair to say, disorientated everybody in a way that aeroplanes or radar never did; the average US Senator knew no more about it than he did about voodoo, and for decades the approved White House pronunciation was 'noo-kyoo-lar', a locution which well expressed basic bafflement. Sf readers, though, knew it was coming. Military Intelligence visited *Astounding* in 1944 to ask them to play down the U-235 plots; the same magazine had predicted an atomic end to the hot war and a start of the cold war three years earlier (obviously before Military Intelligence got round to reading it); and the dilemma over nuclear power had been presented even further back. Was it mere childishness to be glad you knew such things already? Did it just make you feel like Practical Pig? In wartime, when governments don't listen, maybe that's all sf could do. In peacetime, though, sf magazines provided a sizeable unsilenced opposition to Senator McCarthy (predictable, they sneered, unscientific), and to many another social myopia as well. *Galaxy* had the 'Consies' or Conservationists as the underground heroes of *Gravy Planet* while the rest of the US was still wallowing in chromium finnery; the population explosion and energy shortage have been no news for even longer; and as for 'male sex-chauvinism', I can challenge Mr Carter's slightly over-apologetic line on it in sf by observing that H. Beam Piper was using the phrase in a story in my own tattered copy of *Astounding* March 1952 (British edition, which means that in America it came out six months earlier).

Is this a record? Probably not. Still, the point is that for all their frequent illiberality, sf magazines were in the business of helping people to break at least some of the bonds of their own culture; that's what people, however unconsciously, read them for. Mr Carter looks accordingly at many of the sterile oppositions which still haunt conventional wisdom (like ecology and technology, defeatism and optimism, space and babies), and shows how one magazine author after another saw them and dealt with them. You realise how much thought lay beneath even the most bang-bang-you're-dead dominated plots. At the same time he copes marvellously well with the other half of the sf conundrum, not why people stay hooked but what encourages them to impale their jaws in the first place, baited as the hook is with such delights as covers depicting 'Navy bluejackets fighting a giant fly', or 'lizards attacking a submarine'. How can you get self-improvement out of *that*?

Well, maybe you could, but it would be a long haul. What Mr Carter does is to take a succession of themes (rockets, dictators, time-machines, barbarians) and to show how they relate to many of the ancient appeals of romance – Mars as the Old West, Venus as Darkest Africa, the far stars as pastoral, Robinson Crusoe after the atomic war. Only a heart of stone can be immune to them all. Admittedly, sf authors sometimes do their best to make you so with hairy-chested mumblings like 'sex in suburbia . . . is not the only motivating force in a real yarn . . . A *man* has a lot of other motivations: ask Joseph Conrad, Shakespeare, or Homer'. But even this dreadful alliance between sexlessness, real-man-yarns, and unread literature should be viewed with some sympathy as the effort of a person brought up to despise culture to re-invent it for himself. The sf magazines after all got no help from universities or clerisies or (except in this country) Arts Councils. What they did, they did by themselves; and however you rate their work, they offered immensely more spiritual liberation than such half-official organs as *Readers' Digest* or *College English*. And yet those productions survived while *Unknown* went to the wall!

J. G. Ballard

Candide Camera

The Alchemical Marriage of Alistair Crompton by ROBERT SHECKLEY *Michael Joseph* £4.50

Although *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* have introduced all the excitements and impact of sheer spectacle to the sf cinema in an unprecedented way, the ability to think big has long been the stock-in-trade – and chief limitation – of science fiction writers. Since its modern inception in Verne's scientific romances, sf has eagerly seized on the grandest concepts. Faster-than-light drives, the conquest of entire galaxies and the colonisation of all space and time have jammed the future with a host of huge and mutually exclusive possibilities. The year 2000 alone is already more over-booked than the library of Babel.

One writer who has always provided a welcome escape from the restrictions of unlimited size is Robert Sheckley. Unique among sf writers of the first rank, Sheckley has long made a virtue of thinking small, and in hundreds of wry and witty short stories published during the past 25 years has come much closer to giving a convincing picture of the future than many of his self-consciously more serious contemporaries.

The hero of a typical Sheckley story is a bored technician living alone on a stopover planet two miles wide, grappling with the problems bequeathed to him by a defective computer at the robot factory on Earth which has sent him, instead of the mail-order bride he requested, a discipline-obsessed prison wardress. Sheckley's baffled housewives trapped in their high-rise apartments by fanatically loyal but mis-programmed appliances, his vacation-bound executives struggling with extra-terrestrial language courses that threaten to take over their minds, authentically express all the day-to-day anxieties of 1960s Manhattan and 1970s Middlesbrough.

His latest novel, *The Alchemical Marriage of Alistair Crompton*, once again sends his Jack Lemmon hero up all the familiar down escalators. Crompton is the chief tester of Psychosmell Inc., the world's leading manufacturer of psychotropic perfumes, the faintest sniff of which can summon up a Proustian recall of past blisses. Although surrounded by the possibilities of every conceivable pleasure, Crompton suffers from an unhappy handicap – he is a cured schizophrenic, unable to enjoy the satisfactions of passion and emotion, of 'sex, wisdom, machismo and fun'.

After a confrontation with the company's owner, an elderly tyrant with a ten-year-old child's pink transplanted skin but his own

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aged, rapacious hands, Crompton sets off on a round-galaxy hunt for the missing components of his personality. For all their vast distances from Earth, the planets he visits uncannily resemble Los Angeles suburbs, endless terrains of drive-in cinemas, hotel lobbies and cocktail lounges, where a series of elaborate tests are enacted, each designed to spring its psychological surprise on Crompton.

Carried along by his unquenchable optimism, his determination to escape from the straitjacket of sanity, Crompton survives this game of candide camera, at last reassembles himself and rediscovers the joyful pains of guilt and neurosis. Witty and ingenious, at his best Sheckley is as refreshing as a squirt from a soda siphon, a draught of pure Voltaire and tonic.

Martin Amis

Electric Ladyland

Crackpot by RON GOULART *Hale* £3.75

Here is a typical extract from a typical Ron Goulart novel, *After Things Fell Apart*:

> 'Didn't somebody propose filling in the lagoon at the last meeting of the San Francisco Enclave governing board?'
>
> 'Oh, I like this lagoon. It's artificial,' said Chief McGuinness. 'San Francisco Bay and the Pacific Ocean are what annoy me. I keep expecting a tidal wave.'

In Goulart's ironic dystopias, fear of natural disaster is so unnaturally acute that the world has been effectively neutralised, shorn of its primal energies and reserves. Everything has been exhausted, wasted, used up, including all human institutions, all the handholds of order and purpose. Man's wayward and increasingly rarefied genius now has only one focus: the construction and deployment of complex, extravagant and ridiculously otiose machines.

A range of fresh and alarming experience is suddenly on display. 'Fleas?' says the housewife to her dog, which is scratching itself: 'Rusty wiring,' the dog replies. Electric policemen malfunction and get trigger-happy. Houseproud stoves have nervous breakdowns; conspiratorial refrigerators can turn nasty. Divorce cases are investigated by tough-talking, hard-drinking private-eye beds (actually, this particular private-eye bed hits the bottle and screws up the case, falling to a random bullet in the final shoot-out; it dies muttering 'the big sleep . . . the big sleep'). *Crackpot* is a very average Goulart novel, but it does introduce a few more memorable figures into this jangling landscape: robot vultures in a Wild West park, android bouncers patrolling a Fun House, cyborg whores in an electronic brothel – 'By the way, I still have another half hour on those mechanical bimbos if you'd care to – '

Goulart, as will by now be clear, is a one-idea writer, and you sometimes feel that his imaginary futures are beginning to look a bit old-hat. In the recent *Hellhound Project*, for instance, the robot butler was programmed to talk like an Uncle Tom ('yez, missy,' etc); in *Crackpot* the robot butler is programmed to talk like an Indian tea-wallah ('a thousand pardons, effendi,' etc). The electric parson in *Crackpot* is a straight copy of the electric doctor in *After Things Fell Apart*, who in turn is a straight copy of the electric doctor in *Broke Down Engine*, an early collection. Details recur too. The 'food' the characters are obliged to eat constitutes a fixed menu from one book to the other: in *The Hellhound Project* Thad McIntosh drinks a cup of coffee which is cold, 'though one of its additives made it give off steam'; and in *Crackpot* Rafe Santana toils his way through an identical diet of syncaf, nearbeer and neochoc soycake . . .

Goulart, however, is fondly aware of the one-directional nature of his talent and has saluted his own limitations more audaciously than any sf writer I know. *What's Become of Screwloose?* contained a somewhat unlikely story in which a man was cuckolded by his house (it was one of those smooth, sweet-talking types – you know the sort of house I mean). *Broke Down Engine*, which appeared in England a few years later, contained another story in which a man was cuckolded by his house. There was one variation: at the end of the second story, the house and the wife went off to Italy! Hardly what you'd call a 're-examination' of the theme, is it? Yet such bovine implausibility is a key ingredient of Goulart's absurdist projections. Critics are always saying of his work, and of sf in general, that it is basically admonitory in design. It is not. Goulart remains an obtrusive reminder that sf, like any other form, is equally dependent on the irresponsible play of ideas, words and wit.

Critics say of Goulart, in addition, that he is the natural heir to Kurt Vonnegut as our foremost sf humorist. The two writers do have many qualities in common – occasional whackiness and sentimentality among them; and whereas most comic sf novelists do not write comedies at all (unfunny things happen and people merely say funny things about them), the novels of Goulart and Vonnegut are genuinely comic in shape: i.e. they are delightful tales about confusion being partially resolved by love. The most valuable property they share, though, is something very fundamental – a satiric ear for America, refined and intensified in the free-fall of sf. Goulart now stands alone in the genre while Vonnegut splashes about in the mainstream; the genre is in good hands. Here is a routine walk-on from *Crackpot*, a garrulous pornographer who briefly buttonholes our hero. He is not a robot, or at least I don't think he is:

> 'I am purely and simply an entertainer,' he explained. 'In the Sadist series I'm trying to give a few hours of adventurous entertainment to my readers. The basic premise of my Sadist series is that the hero goes around to exciting places and hurts people. He hurts about six people per book. Now the Masochist is different. He travels to the romantic, adventurous places of the world and people hurt him. My plots are not first-rate, but I have a lush style which – '

FABER SF

A Dream of Wessex
CHRISTOPHER PRIEST
"It is a strange novel, technically very assured in its shifts of time and handling of place-in-time, sketching in the edges of the dream with considerable vividness . . . a fine exciting novel – SF if you want a label, but an enrichment not only of the sub-genre but the whole genre too." C. J. Driver in the *Guardian* £4.25

Earthwind
ROBERT HOLDSTOCK
"What works extraordinarily well . . . besides the characterizations which do, actually, seem to grow along with the narrative, is the study of an alien culture which appears to have a surface brutishness but contains depths of mind-webbed spirituality at first unguessed. The discovery is one of the excitements of the book. Mr Holdstock's first novel, *Eye Among the Blind*, was exceptionally stimulating. This is a notable advance." Tom Hutchinson in *The Times*. £4.25

In Solitary
GARRY KILWORTH
"Garry Kilworth makes a really promising début with *In Solitary*. Earth has been under alien domination by strange-winged creatures for centuries. They keep the population severely limited and isolated; humans may only meet at occasional matings. The account of the resistance to the aliens, set largely in a beautifully evoked Oceania, is taut, superbly written and given a very surprising final twist. . . There is a great deal of talent here." Alex de Jonge in the *Spectator* £3.95

Beloved Son
GEORGE TURNER
"*Beloved Son* marks the début of a writer . . . who is surely destined for greatness. It's a work of breathtaking complexity founded on a deceptively simple theme: the homecoming of the first starship after an absence of 40 years." Peter Bradley in the *Oxford Times* £4.95

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for May publication

Anticipations
A collection of brand-new stories by Brian W. Aldiss, J. G. Ballard, Thomas M. Disch, Harry Harrison, Christopher Priest, Bob Shaw, Robert Sheckley and Ian Watson. edited by CHRISTOPHER PRIEST £4.50

for Autumn publication

The Night of Kadar
GARRY KILWORTH

Blackpool Vanishes
RICHARD FRANCIS

FABER & FABER

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

Bodies

Ten Times Table *Globe*
Bleak House *Theatre Upstairs*

According to the folklore, committee meetings are insufferably tedious events; and so I suppose they are, for those actually doomed to spend the prime of their lives sitting through one after another. But for the more occasional participant, or for the observer in the aisles, there's a curious fascination in those cumbersome but emotionally loaded rituals, those fastidiously polite grabs for the jugular and discreetly phrased bids for supremacy. The member whose ruse is to raise incessant points of order. The one who constantly interrupts everyone else with a cheerful shout of 'sorry', and keeps on talking whether or not his victim yields the floor. The master-tactician who introduces his more calculated insults with a disarming 'with respect', or, if he's planning to be especially nasty, 'with the very greatest respect'. The distraught look on the face of the chairman as he realises he's losing control, the bewilderment of the minutes clerk as night and fog descend upon the debate, obscuring all. Imagine what an expert comic dramatist could make of it.

Well, Alan Ayckbourn is as expert a comic dramatist as we possess, and he has no doubt doodled away much of his career on this committee and that. At any rate, most of his *Ten Times Table* consists of the deliberations of a ragbag group attempting to organise a pageant whose central event will be 'the massacre of the Pendon twelve', the shooting of local radicals by rampaging redcoats. It's a historical incident with obvious echoes for the politically-inclined, and it neatly slices the committee into two factions, one led by a shrill marxist schoolmaster, the other by a majestically vowelled and varnished lady of leisure. At their very first encounter she casually refers to his place of work as a 'typical socialist monstrosity', he ripostes with a 'what do you know, sitting there in your fur coat, you bloody bourgeois bitch', and the war is on. Each hopes it will end in the public humiliation of the other, preferably in full period costume, a labourer's smock or dainty crinolines. Surely a playwright with Ayckbourn's mean eye for incongruity, and especially for the incongruities of class and caste, couldn't fail to find plenty of pickings in so suggestive a set-up.

Unluckily, he hasn't always picked wisely. True, the play shows his usual technical skill. It all occurs round the same table in the same gaunt and dreary hotel, and yet we don't feel any awkwardness or sense of loss, even at the end, when characters dressed as soldiers or peasants are blundering in and out of the festivities in the marketplace outside. But instead of pondering the niceties of committees and pausing over the nuances of committeemanship, Ayckbourn tends to opt for the obvious gag, the easy laugh. The lights that unexpectedly go out. The offstage banging that interrupts proceedings. Above all, the deafness of the oldest character on show, the mother of a pernickety local politician whose obsession is emending the spelling of the committee's minutes. The only good reason for her presence in a gathering where a well-oiled eardrum is a working essential is that she can be relied on to generate laughter by her blithe imperviousness to the disasters unrolling round her. By now Ayckbourn should be above so transparent a contrivance.

But could this be precisely the problem, that we founder-members of his fan-club have come to expect too much of him and aren't happy unless he's somehow magicking water into wine? Perhaps. But if so, it's largely his fault, because it is he who has established himself as a trenchant social critic and even as a sort of theatrical heart-surgeon, capable of prising dark, subcutaneous secrets from his characters' mainly miserable lives. After all, only last year he presented us with *Just Between Ourselves*, a mother-in-law joke whose punchline was the catatonic madness of an oppressed young wife. There are, it's true, reminders of this bleak triumph in *Ten Times Table*, notably in the person of a boozy businessman whose company and marriage are simultaneously crumbling. He embarrasses the committee with a sottish, rambling and finally tearful speech in praise of old times and old values. But in general he is too skimpy a presence to deepen the play very greatly. Indeed, his climax is no more than comic rough-and-tumble: a wonky entrance in the guise of the bloodthirsty Earl of Dorset, a helpless lurch from the saddle of the pantomime horse he's blindly steering, and there we leave him, slumped and singing beside a piano being energetically thwacked by the old, deaf crone.

Still, it's here, at the end, that Ayckbourn's admirers may be able to shrug off some of their disappointment, because here they should at last be able to laugh freely. The arrival of a glassy-eyed local fascist in 18th-century uniform, a wooden musket in one hand, a real-life revolver in the other, and snorts of 'scum, filth, vermin' bubbling from his lips, does a good deal to galvanise the sagging mercury; and this is especially pleasing, for he is played by Christopher Godwin, an actor who has created many Ayckbourn roles back in the tribal homeland of Scarborough, only to see them nabbed by more famous names when the time has come to move to London. A loud and rasping Julia McKenzie, a frazzled Paul Eddington and a weedy and myopic Benjamin Whitrow are among his allies, and John Salthouse, grumbling vindictively into a ginger beard, his principal antagonist. Alan Ayckbourn himself orchestrates their assorted efforts adeptly enough, particularly at the hectic, scrambled denouement; but the efficiency of his direction doesn't, alas, compensate for the inadequacies of much of his writing. By his own formidable standards, *Ten Times Table* is a meagre piece of work.

Bleak House comes in four three-hour slabs without benefit of London fog, Chancery bumf or any other props, a dramatised reading presented by Shared Experience, the trade-name of seven men and women dressed in contemporary grey. After two evenings in their company, I'm not altogether convinced that a better stage for Dickens's saga wouldn't be whatever imagination you and I keep tucked behind our reading glasses; but I must also admit that the cast does very well with what the constrained circumstances permit, namely the use of mouth, face and body. John Dicks, for instance, is a lanky, cadaverous and pretty distinctive blond, a Viking with incipient TB, yet his versatility is remarkable. He stiffens and clips himself into Sir Leicester Dedlock, weakens his wrists, knees and shoulders to become a meek, stooping Snagsby, and then scrunches himself up into the blinking, hissing parcel of malice called Grandfather Smallweed. If the enterprise as a whole is mostly neo-Gothic folly, it's crammed with riveting detail.

Television

Julian Barnes

Wordpower

'How many adjectives are there for a palm tree?' wondered Lawrence Durrell in *Spirit of Place* (BBC-2), his second Mediterranean travelogue. In his case, more than usual: he talks as luxuriantly as he writes, lush clumps of metaphor springing up in parched and unlikely places. His speculative, teasing and literate musings about Egypt were a profitable change from the standard travelogue formula of a Kodak sunset, a mean-looking goat scoffing a twig, and some ecological moralising. It's strange that one of the richest delineators of landscape and people should be such a self-confessedly lazy traveller; he first went to Alexandria – 'the royal city and the *anus mundi*' – only because war drove him there, and probably wouldn't have returned without the encouragement of producer Peter Adam. Get him moving, though, and Durrell as traveller (not unlike Durrell as novelist) proves an enthusiastic, winning companion who convinces you even when you don't necessarily believe him. He makes you want the desert winds to 'give the air a prattling, lustful sort of feeling' in Alexandria, and the southern Egyptians to have skin which is blue-black,

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'almost the colour of carbon paper' (though no amount of knob-fiddling contrived to produce that effect).

The programme sagged only during Adam's ponderous, Germanic questioning of Durrell about his fiction. Mostly, Durrell just sat there like a plump, impassive gnome-Buddha, spouting paradoxes while Adam barked up the wrong minaret; but at times, his natural irritation showed – 'You take my books as a report on quotidian reality, whereas I'm trying to do just the opposite and undermine it . . . Don't talk to me as if I'm a leper.' *Spirit of Place* (sumptuously photographed by Colin Waldeck) climaxed with a refreshingly heretical visit to Abu Simbel. Durrell thought the architecture crude, and the 'technological miracle' of raising the temple 'an act of vulgarity'. What counted was the site, not the temple itself; merely hoisting up the buildings was 'like moving the dentist's waiting-room'. He was more concerned about the future of the Cataracts Hotel, 'an endearing mixture of Darjeeling and Bournemouth'. As long as you watched, you had to agree.

Brian Walden's interview with William Whitelaw on *Weekend World* (LWT) was a study in deceptive surfaces. Walden looked tough but failed to press home on Whitelaw's change of position; Whitelaw's habitual bumbliness enclosed a newfound rigour. The feature to study when Whitelaw is being questioned is the mouth. It is as soft and tremulous as a sea-anenome in a strong current – the mouth of a man who fears the next question will nail him. It never did, and he got on (and away) with soliciting white votes at the next election. Apart from a reference to more generous assisted passages (was he after the Rastafarian vote as well?), nothing he said implied any awareness of what blacks might think or feel. He should have watched 'The Immigrant', the penultimate programme of *The Americans* (BBC-2), in which Leon Stein feelingly evoked the fear, courage and idealism of the new arrivals in America. 'We got the best of Europe,' he claimed proudly. Perhaps it might prove useful that Whitelaw wants a register of the best of India.

Desmond Wilcox's affectionate series was always watchable – even if one didn't accept its 'archetype' structure – and had some usefully sharp moments (like the amiable, decent head of General Motors being still unconvinced that it was wrong to put dirt-digging investigators on to Ralph Nader). Wilcox ended with 'The Football Coach', Woody Hayes of Ohio State University (football budget $11m for a 12-match season), a classic, guileless WASP achiever who studies military history to help train his players. He once even blacked his own eyes when things went wrong.

Pennies From Heaven (BBC-1), which also finished this week, hardly proved the spectacular Brechtian innovation of mixed genres that we were led to expect. It takes a lot of television to fill eight hours, and Dennis Potter's plot was sluggish and heavily reliant on coincidence. Evocation of the earlier Jubilee age was crude (close-up of Force packet, close-up of Thirties Odeon, close-up of Thirties knickers), and the dialogue similarly rendered ('everything's top-hole between us, Inspector . . .' – the verbal equivalent of a Force-packet close-up). Much of the thematic weight fell on the use of interpolated song; but it seemed a cumbersome technique, the numbers capable of only echoing real desires or mocking them. Bits of the plays took off with sharp, sudden life, especially the couples' sexual manoeuvrings; and best of all, Potter was marvellously served by his actors – Cheryl Campbell, the brutishly touching Bob Hoskins, and the incomparable Gemma Craven, capable of splendid emotional glissando, that memorable slide from mean-faced suburban bitch to helpless, inexperienced victim.

Pennies from heaven do still tumble for some: John Motson for one, if reports of his 100 per cent pay rise (to ward off a Thames TV offer) are to be believed. What could ITV think they're up to? Every time Motson falsettoes 'Ooooh, that was byoootiful' over Terry McDermott's chipped goal in the *Match of the Day* credits, they should count their blessings – especially Brian Moore and Hugh Johns. 'Supermac . . . Supermiss,' roared the agreeable Johns during *Star Soccer* (ATV), as the ponderous Gunner volleyed hard into the advertising hoardings yet again. This week, though, our lot had to yield to the crazed exuberance of American commentators. 'It's white-knuckle time, wet-palm time, dry-throat time,' breathed Frank Somebody on *Golf: The US Masters* (LWT) during putt-lining-up time. And a moment before: 'Gary Player and Tom Watson, tied at 11 under: a story that could well have been written by Ernest Hemingway.' A Fairway to Arms?

Magazines

Brian Aldiss

At Fandom

The fortunes of those wonderful people who bring us mustard and fish fingers, it's said, are made not by the product consumed but the product wasted. Although the fortunes involved may be smaller, paperback and magazine publishers probably flourish by the same law. Do *Penthouse* readers bother with those articles about the latest Lamborghini, or *Country Life* readers go further than the house ads? Do NEW STATESMAN readers plough through the wads of socialist propaganda as well as the back half? No doubt some do, some don't. But even specialist magazines work on the lucky-dip principle that the average reader will not expect to be hooked by all the contents all the time.

It's different with home-made magazines. I mean those photo-lithoed or multi-lithed or duplicated magazines which go under the generic title of 'fanzines'. Because of the odium in which science fiction is generally held by the literate (nobody hates readers more than other readers), discussion of that unique genre is largely confined to fanzines. Possibly 50 sf fanzines appear in the UK alone. They come and they go, because of the burdens they impose on the editor in terms of time and finance; some are awful, some extremely good, but as a whole they provide an irreplaceable medium of communication.

Here I'm bound to reveal that readers of science fiction are prone to form regional groups with ash-can names like Ratfandom or Ferretfandom or Gannetfandom. Gannetfandom produces an excellent magazine called *Maya*, which probably means something. Also current and lively are *Kipple* (from Balham), *Black Hole* (from Leeds), *Matrix* (from Bracknell), *Zimri* (from Whalley Range), *Twll-Du* (from Reading), and the Pythonesque *Durfed* (from Seaton Delaval) – tiny beacons of cult, if not culture.

My quarrel with fanzines stems from the way in which they disrupt work. An ordinary publication can await a free evening; tomorrow will do. When a good fanzine arrives on my desk in the morning, I read it all through immediately. The experience is more one of receiving a letter than *Time* or *The Times*. Among the best and longest-lived fanzines is Bruce Gillespie's *SF Commentary*, an Australian publication. Since it sometimes runs to more than 100 pages, one can lose two whole days over an issue. The concerns of fanzines are twofold: aspects of science fiction and sf fandom. The personality of the fanzine depends on the balance achieved between these two aspects. *SF Commentary* contains forthright critical articles cheek-by-joule, as it were, with energy-packed revelations of love or loneliness by readers.

Maya (available from 71 King John Street, Heaton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne) is particularly interesting because, under its editor Rob Jackson, it concentrates on British fandom with wit and intelligence, so that the gossip has a bearing on genuine differences of opinion concerning the nature of sf. In this unbuttoned atmosphere, authors join in beside the fans. Christopher Priest, who contributes a serious article on attitudes to writing in the front of the magazine, also has a letter in the correspondence columns at the back describing how Bob Shaw pissed on his shoe. This memorabilium is capped in the next issue by Shaw's reply, explaining *why* he pissed on Priest's shoe. This may sound like a rather bootless correspondence, but Shaw can be amusing about any tragedy afoot.

As Jackson says of his magazine, this is a small society writing about itself, but the animosities revealed apply to society at large. A recent *Maya* contained an article by another fanzine editor describing how a young writer had, as he saw it, driven an older writer out of the field. It happens in literary circles all the time. This particular incident occurred ten years ago, yet still drew blood; the next correspondence column featured pointed replies from Michael Moorcock and others. One letter-writer scornfully calls the sf scene incestuous; others see it as a lively microcosm.

The contributors to *Maya* and the other fanzines are sf activists. Some desire to excel in the world of fandom. Others are on their way to becoming writers and use fanzines as exercise books. Others, like

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Bruce Gillespie, are widely-read critics who have found no better outlet for their talents. Their relationships with professional writers are in consequence often compounded of admiration and envy (shading off into idolatory and hate). Despite these hazards, sf writers are perhaps lucky. Attention is paid to their writings. Novels written long ago are still news to younger fans. Editors devote whole issues to a favourite writer. I admire such amateurism in a commercial word; though others do not.

And attractions outweigh dangers. *Maya* is good-humoured, serious and clannish. It features excellent artwork by Harry Bell and Jim Barker. And there is the accidental humour of readers ('If there was an Ice Age in the Mesozoic, nobody has told me about it'). Some have just bumped into Thornton Wilder or Immanuel Kant and rush into print to tell their buddies. A recent contributor to *Maya,* from Barrow-in-Furness, has just discovered Jung:

> He [Jung] starts on about the relationship existing between secret societies and the individuation process. The striking thing is that he seems precisely to be describing fandom. He sees the Secret Society as a secondary stage, a *via media*, between the collective (which has become unbearable in its demands) and the stark realities of purely individual development. Secret Societies *can* be a trap for the weak and lazy; but 'it would be wrong to regard this intermediary stage as (essentially) a trap. On the contrary, for a long time to come it will represent the only possible form of existence for the individual. To call for further steps along the road to autonomy appears like arrogance or hubris, fantasticality, or simple folly.'
>
> He's got it! By God, he's *got* it!

With Jung on the side of the fanzines, who needs friends?

This English

It is a poignant fact that most grammatical errors are not the result of sloppiness so much as of a half-cocked grandiloquence, a frustrated yearning for the high style. The elegant double-negative can provide particularly rollicking solecisms in this vein, and we lead with two examples. A nob's relative pronoun and a genteel subjunctive round off this week's attractive selection. £3 for first entry, £2 for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Though not unaverse to men – 'I like them very much' – she would have told her constituency party to 'go jump in the Nene' if they had asked her to be photographed with one. **Alec Hartley** *Guardian* (Samuel Hynes)

☐ Fewer women than men have been unprepared to make the sacrifice of working unsocial hours – this is why there have not been more women managers in the hotel and catering industry. **Violet Johnstone** *Sunday Telegraph* (Mrs F. Kirkman)

☐ The entire Magazine, except Lifespan, is devoted this week to 100 men and women whom *Sunday Times* writers and expert consultants believe will be making headlines in the Britain of the 1980s. **Headline** *Sunday Times* (Susan Digby Firth)

☐ They did not say if she were captured, killed or wounded. **A. J. McIlroy** *Sunday Telegraph* (J. Wright)

Films

John Coleman

BEAT It

Semi-Tough (AA) *Cinecenta*
The Turning Point (A) *Leicester Square Theatre*
The Army in the Shadows (AA) *Camden Plaza*
The Stud (X) *Rialto*

Movies beget movies and Michael Ritchie's semi-successful *Semi-Tough* is bound to recall at least a couple of others: the recent *Slap Shot* and the older *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.* American football is the background: two of the Miami team's buddies, Shake (Kris Kristofferson) and Billy Clyde (Burt Reynolds) chastely share an apartment with zany Barbara Jane (Jill Clayburgh), twice-divorced daughter of Big Ed (Robert Preston), the even madder owner of the Miami club. One night on tour, Shake and Barbara Jane bed together and eventually decide to wed. But *Butch-Cassidy*-style, the rough male friendship endures; the three musketeers racket on together. Which is where it becomes apparent that Ritchie, a director who likes a target (political candidacy, beauty contests), is really making a film about something else: the transatlantic proliferation in styles of spiritual and bodily therapy. Shake is heavily into B.E.A.T., apparently a parody of one Werner Erhard's *est,* which entails a 48-hour session in a crowded hall during which time no one is allowed to pee or communicate verbally with their neighbour. He has thus achieved 'it' and proposes Barbara Jane should undergo the same ritual. In due course, she does, only to find sly Billy Clyde has also enrolled, having first outfitted himself with an old-fashioned Motorist's Friend (or human-waste retainer) strapped to his leg: the Reynolds character is out to disrupt that wedding at all costs. The end finds him and the delightful Miss Clayburgh, a slipped-smile comedienne of parts, strolling in nuptial finery along the beach.

Ritchie touches nothing he does not, however genially, suborn; and his natural subversiveness extends here to other wild fads. Big Ed astounds Billy Clyde by entering his ornate room through a sort of cat-door, on all fours, expounding 'Movigenics' or the virtues of creeping and crawling, sending our poor hero off then to be 'Pelfed' or physically manipulated by Lotte Lenya (donning two rubber fingerstalls, she explains to an appalled Reynolds they are for his nostrils). The story goes every which way, but rarely does less than entertain. Ritchie's gift is also to *adorn* his material, albeit thin, and there are several incidents, insights, one-off sight-gags peculiarly his. 'Assholes!' says the smoothie high priest of B.E.A.T., addressing his rapt audience with more of the same, while a girl in the front row rapidly hand-translates to a deaf partner. Reynolds has a genuinely touching bedroom scene with a big, plainish bar pick-up, previously rejected, where both play beautifully straight. The smoothie (Bert Convy) opens the wedding ceremony, 'Dearly beloved, this is IT . . .' All very wishful (in that never-never-land charm of the principals) and over-relaxed, it may not be quite so surreal as it looks to some of us from this side of the water.

Wishful is what Herbert Ross's *The Turning Point* almost thunderously turns out to be. This is essentially a jangly duet for two trustworthy old hands, Shirley MacLaine and Anne Bancroft. A new kind of woman's picture (see *Julia*) is said to be a-breeding: I rather doubt this is it. Because once you have named the stars, respectively Deedee and Emma, housewife and ballerina, in the film, you are left with an extravagant eyeful of fragmented dance, a script by Arthur Laurents which has seen better days and found them redolent, a near-stifling endorsement of balletomanic values. Deedee herself once used to dance, and when the American Ballet visit Oklahoma City, where she now lives with her three kids and ex-dancer husband, meets her old friend and rival, Emma. 'You got pregnant.' 'Yeah, and you got 19 curtain calls.' Thereby hinges the vestigial plot.

Most of the rest takes us glamorously backstage and, all too scrappily, on stage here and in New York, where Emilia and mum go to further the girl's career. Much of the bitchy detail is amusing enough if you have an ear for mildly updated cliché and Emma endearingly gets hiccoughs when disturbed. The message is the old one of All For Art, or long live *The Red Shoes.* There is a funnyish scene where Emilia staggers on blind drunk in (I think) *Giselle* and a slam-bang sequence, starting piano with MacLaine and Bancroft delivering home-truths and ending fortissimo on a clawing fight and confession and helpless laughter and make-up time: worth the price of admission. Though ignorant, I enjoy ballet sufficiently to be enraged by the crediting of such as Antoinette Sibley, Lucette Aldous, Marcia Haydee and many others barely seen in action. This is a saccharine confection rather than a movie.

The Army in the Shadows (1969) was a long-mooted project by the unhappily neglected (at least, over here) Jean-Pierre Melville, who died five years ago. A Resistance tale, drawn from Joseph Kessel's novel, it concentrates at length on the fate of a small group of heroes on the run, led by the burly, unsmiling Lino Ventura and engaging Simone Signoret, Paul Meurisse, Jean-Pierre Cassel, with a vignette from Serge Reggiani as a barber. A fantastic German parade down the Champs-Elysées apart, all's done minimally, bleakly: a must. In *The Stud,* sister Joan Collins – working from Jackie's book – has a car number-plated TG BIG, owns a night-spot run by the titular hero, and confides, 'Do you know that, when I first met him, Tony thought 69 was a bottle of scotch?' Giggles Sue Lloyd, 'You're priceless!' Tony (Oliver Tobias), 'a working-class bum in Gucci shoes', after doing his unzipped best by all and sundry, ends up lost and unshaven in this highly moral British contribution to world cinema.

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Rock Music

Mark Kidel

Strange Brew

British rock'n'roll, in keeping with our national character, has produced its share of eccentrics. The US has a near monopoly of tortured visionaries and street poets, but when it comes to the happier reaches of madness, we seem to have the edge. Syd Barrett, Kevin Ayers, Arthur Brown, Viv Stanshall and most recently Ian Dury have all flirted with a gentle form of insanity. John Otway, one of the latest cult idols of rock, inhabits the same zany underworld, and as with his predecessors in the field, he uses the charm of the bizarre to captivate his audience. Whereas more serious rock performers self-consciously pose as out of contact with their fans, you can always love and feel close to a freak.

Otway's followers were out in force at the Lyceum the other week, many of them wearing a variety of 'I Love Otway' badges – insignia of devotion, but also the reflection of Polydor's already half-successful campaign to break their newest acquisition into the charts. *Really Free* ('Cor Baby, it's really free!!!'), the show's wild and instantly gripping opener, and *Geneve*, the loving parody of a heart-warming love-song, have both been very popular singles. Public acclaim has given John Otway obvious confidence, the reassuring knowledge that he can do no wrong, however indifferent the night.

The mesmerised crowd responded to each move of his body, and the slightest show of his boyish and mischievous grin, roaring with approval each time he coyly drew his shirt apart to reveal a glimpse of his thin and pale stomach – not the conventional *Cosmopolitan* turn-on, but all the more attractive for its ordinariness. Otway laughs, pouts, struts and shouts like all the Jaggers, Daltreys, Plants and Rottens before him but he does it with self-amused detachment, as if he were sharing a joke with his fans. Unlike the superstars, he never takes himself too seriously: he is on stage to have fun, and he does so with childlike simplicity.

John Otway's songs, and the persona he presents, display a bruised naïveté and a disarming vulnerability that are unusually credible because they combine parody with genuine feeling. His cockney moan of a voice, with its Dylan-ish drawl and little-boy-lost echoes of Mike Heron (of the Incredible String Band) suits the material perfectly. He has a wilder side, unleashed on the up-tempo numbers, the high and slightly manic antidote to the nearly self-indulgent ballads. It is here that his partner Wild Willy Barrett, a visual relic of the Sixties with his long flowing straight hair and fearsome Viking looks, makes his most forceful contribution. In spite of his name, Barrett is much quieter than the mercurial Otway. Hardly ever showing any sign of emotion, he stands quite still, supporting Otway's crazed antics from the sidelines with fiery guitar and violin. On *Misty Mountain* and *Louise Riding on a Horse* – two of the best tracks on the excellent Otway-Barrett album – he provides a totally original version of the bluegrass fiddle, pumping away with dedicated frenzy. He is the apparently unmoved foil to Otway's clownerries, repeatedly having to tune his partner's guitar with the half-resigned irritation of a tired parent. The rest of the band, two guitarists and a pair of hard-battering drummers, provided inspired if at times a little monotonous backing; but in spite of the double-barrelled name of the show, it is Otway who indubitably draws all the attention: his inescapable charisma dominates the stage and the music takes second place.

Like the other cockney rock eccentric, Ian Dury, Otway's act comes close to music-hall. While Dury plays on a bizarre mix of sexuality and back-street decadence, Otway's attraction lies in his openness and the oblique charm of the Fool. Both share a strength derived from the creation of a dramatic personality, a character which the spectator can easily identify. But John Otway's special brand of madness relies on a continuous stream of spontaneity. There were signs, especially during the set's last number, *Cheryl's Going Home*, that the act was degenerating into something of a set-piece, a display of clichés designed for audience approval. The cartwheels across the stage are integral to his reputation, but they seemed planned and a little mechanical, the exact dose of cracked exuberance that the audience was almost voyeuristically waiting for: the inevitable price, perhaps, of John Otway's soaring record sales and fast-growing popularity.

Weekend Competition

No 2510 **Set by Snubbin**

Patrick Cosgrave's recent puff for Margaret Thatcher ('Her skin is, of course, very pale . . .') sets a new standard in political biography: we all just had to know about the Carmen rollers, the unlined neck, the taste for whisky. How would other British politicians of the last 200 years emerge from such treatment? Try your hands at Disraeli, Balfour, Cyril Smith, etc. Up to 150 words; by 28 April.

Result of No 2507 Set by E. O. Parrott

We asked for limericks in which the locations were fictional.

Report **by Dan Drough**

Here's thanks to the NS Comp setter for
A challenge I feel all the better for
Since looking beyond
The Slough of Despond
I see Beulah – a far nicer metaphor.

A touching tribute, this, from Sharpless, Stanley J., to Parrott, E.O. – all part of the spirit of genial competitiveness which, we like to assume, reigns over the Weekend Competition. Two pounds for Sharpless and for every other entry. Norman Douglas's collection of limericks, we note, was a more powerful influence on most of you than Lear's originals.

A man in the Land of the Houyhnhnms
Had a large collection of antohnhnms.
He would say: 'This is great,
They're in pairs, so they mate;
Unlike synohnhnms and, of course,
homohnhmns.'
W. S. BROWNLIE

The bon viveur Lord St John Turneaux
After death went to Dante's Inferno;
He exclaimed: 'One can tell
That one's living in hell
By the absence of ice in one's Pernod.'
GERRY HAMILL

When an amorous youth from Atlantis
Removed an Amazon's παντισ
And dragged her to bed,
She cut off his head,
But he carried on just like a mantis.

A lecherous young Lilliputian
Made advances, his feet on a cutian;
But, although fully erect,
He still failed to connect
However hard he was putian.
V. F. CORLEONE

A Hobbit who dwelt in The Shire
Observed: 'Our life's really quite dire.
This stuff from Tolkien,
What does it all mean?
I'm surprised that his books find one buyer.'
B. MOORING

Said a girl from green Mansfield Park:
'This place is a bore after dark
No sexual accostin
Occurs in Jane Austen.
Nor yet a suggestive remark.'
WAYNE SIDESADDLE

There was a young girl of Barataria
Who kept getting hairier and hairier:
Her pelt grew so thick
That it made the boys sick
Though *she* thought it looked like wistaria.
PETER PETERSON

There once was a lass of Shalott,
Who was put in a bit of a spot:
For girls to make passes
At guys glimpsed in glasses
Apparently isn't so hot.
MARY HOLTBY

The Dickensian borough of Coketown
Would get any sensitive bloke down.
The frigidly trad mind
Of rigid T. Gradgrind
Is geared to make liberal folk frown.
MOLLY FITTON

There was an old man of Illyria
Who wrote classic odes in Shqiperia;
But he gave up his gift
And went all adrift
For the love of a lift-boy from Syria.
T. GRIFFITHS

Said a sage from Laputa, 'Don't get
In a panic about energy yet.
I'm working on ways
To extract the sun's rays
From cucumbers, gherkins, courgettes.'
H. G. TAYLOR

A randy young maid called Miranda
Wanted laying by someone much grander
Than an ill-favoured chump
Who was nearly all hump
So Ferdinand easily manned her.
PETER ALEXANDER

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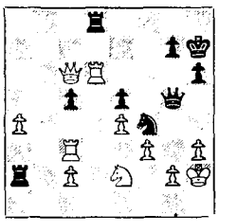
Tony Miles

Chess

No 79 **February Problems**

The February set contained a couple of interesting positions. **Problem 69 (4kr2/R4p2/6p1/8/1K6/3B4/8/8)** was a study with the beautiful key move 1. B-B5! (the only way to prevent the freeing P-B4). The variations thereafter are not difficult; in all cases a subsequent K-B5-Q6 forces black to give up his rook e.g. 1 . . . K-Q1; 2. K-B5, R-K1; 3. K-Q6 and the bishop defends K6, or 1 . . . P x B; 2. K-B5, P-B3; 3. K-Q6, R-N1; 4. K-K6, K-B1; 5. K x P (B6) wins. These variations are all very attractive but Mr J. D. Taylor claims to have 'cooked' the study with 1. B-N5ch. K-Q1; 2. K-B5, P-B4; 3. K-Q5! and now 3 . . . R-B3 (or . . . P-B5; 4. K-K6, R-B4; 5. B-Q7 and 6. K-Q6 wins); 4. B-Q7! R-N3 (if K-K2; 5. B-K6ch and K-K5 wins or . . . P-B5; 5. B-K6 and K-Q6); 5. B-B6! R-Q7 (or 8); 6. K-Q6, R-Q7ch; 7. B-Q5, R-QB7; 8. R-KN7 and white can pick up the black pawns whilst maintaining a winning R + BvR position.

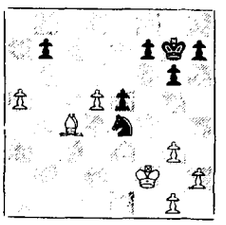
Problem 70 was, as I warned, a little messy. 1. N x N loses quickly to either . . . Q x Nch; 2. P-N3 (or K-N1; Q-N6); Q-Q7ch! or 1 . . . P x N. The main interesting lines occur after 1. N-N3. Then black has the choice of 1 . . . P-R4 or 1 . . . R-R8. In retrospect 1 . . . P-R4 is probably most accurate. Then 2. R x R, Q x R! (threatening Q-Q7, but not P-R5; 3. R-R8ch and Q-B8-B5ch); 3. N-B1 (or 3. R-Q3, N x R; 4. P x N, P-R5 followed by Q-N4 wins immediately) Q-Q8 (Q-N4 is also good e.g. 4. N-K3, P-R5 or 4. P-N3, N-K7 and the black forces quickly converge on the white king); 4. Q-N5 (or 4. N-K3, Q-K8; 5. Q x P, N-K7 forces mate) and now black has the pleasant choice between 4 . . . Q-K8 (intending 5 . . . Q-B7; 6. N-K3, N-K7) and the preliminary 4 . . . R-N7 (if you like that sort of thing).



Instead 1 . . . R-R8 is slightly less convincing. It has the 'pretty' threat of . . . R-R8ch! but overlooked that this no longer wins after 2. R x R because 2 . . . R-R8ch? 3. K x R, Q x N; 4. R-R8ch! K x R; 5. Q-B8ch drawing. So 2. R x R, Q x R. Now the threat of penetration to Q5, Q7 and Q8 forces 3. R-Q3, but black still has to work for the point. A possible continuation is 3 . . . N x R; 4. P x N, R-QB8; 5. Q-K6, Q-N4; 6. P-R5, P-R4 and the threat of P-R5 will force white to exchange queens when black has good winning chances.

Other white tries fail more clearly e.g. 2. R(B)-Q3, R-R8ch! 3. K x R, Q x N; 4. R-Q2, R-QN1! and if 5. R x Pch, K-N1 (4. R x Pch allows P x R; 5. Q-B7ch, K-N3; 6. Q-B6ch, K-R4).

First prize in the February competition is shared by Messrs Ram Mohan, Sobey and Taylor, with consolation prizes to Messrs Deshmukh, Sahasrabudhe, Garfath, Gill and Kastanas.



Problem 79

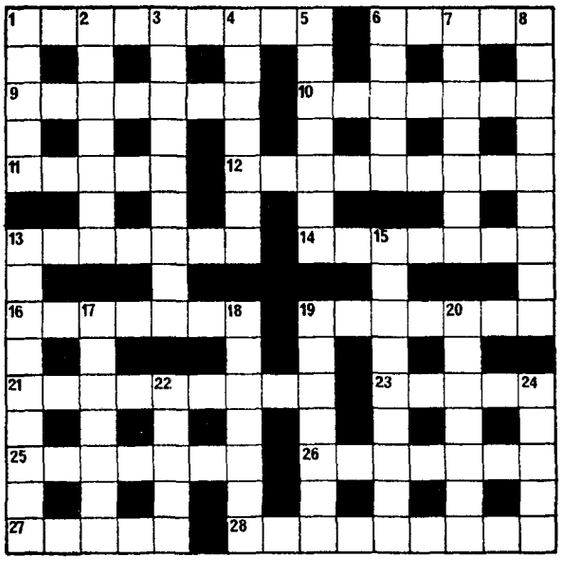
White to play. Who stands better and why? Entries to me at the New Statesman postmarked not later than 26 April.

Solution to Problem 77

1. R-K6ch, K-R4; 2. R-K4, B-B5; 3. P-N4ch, K-R5; 4. R-K3! B x R; 5. K-B3! Resigns. There is no reasonable defence to R-R6 mate.

Weekend Crossword 1259

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1259, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 25 April.



ACROSS

1. Dealer of almost worthless card (9).
6. The sound of Olivia's uncle (5).
9. Periods when a saint is gripped by temptations? (7).
10. No gruel is to be served up for a lazy person (7).
11. As a means of going up I get in the best player (5).
12. Roughly tie near to fix position (9).
13. Provide free in bed when mixed up together (7).
14. 'Dialect words – those terrible marks of the beast to the truly ——' (Hardy) (7).
16. Funny men with guts, useful in the kitchen (7).
19. MCC cricketer (7).
21. European with room for government (9).
23. Crime committed when priest loses head (5).
25. Where short work is given after an explanation (7).
26. Dark liquid with which fish gives a hint (7).
27. Nymph might be disguised as Diana (5).
28. Heavenly distance although it could be earthly if there were no soldier returning (5, 4).

DOWN

1. Tools for the Welsh? (5).
2. His diamonds are novel (7).
3. Game portion put on range (9).
4. Default from an agreement about science (7).
5. Crime which is unfortunate in a man in authority (7).
6. Bloody disaster for an animal (5).
7. If trunks were fruitless, one would have to pull (7).
8. Riot which may make one shop early (9).
13. Where successful musicians are to be found? (9).
15. With one point in a possible ten we get near Cambridge place (9).
17. Stumble on crude oil somewhere in Africa (7).
18. The surgeon uses what is broken in fifty places (7).
19. If this social activity were endless, one would be exhausted (7).
20. Break for senseless observation during ceremony (7).
22. Relaxed in the overseas edition (5).
24. Backward area without duck for river (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1257

M	A	R	G	R	A	V	E		S	T	A	T
O		O		E		A			R		O	E
P	H	A	R	M	A	C	Y		M	I	A	S
I		S		A		I			D		S	R
N	A	T	U	R	A	L		C	H	E	A	P
G		S		K		L		H		N		O
		S	T	A	L	A	C	T	I	T	E	S
S		C		T		N			S		T	
C	A	R	E	S	S	I	N	G	L	Y		
O		A		W		O		E		O		C
W	E	S	T	E	R	N		L	O	R	E	L
L		H		E		I		K		O		S
I	D	I	O	T	S		E	N	L	I	S	T
N		N		E			G		S		H	O
G	A	G	I	N	G		I	S	O	T	H	E

Prizewinners to No. 1257

Ian Tipton (Borth)
S. C. Daneff (London SW10)
Reynir Axelsson (Reykjavik)

APPOINTMENTS

MUSIC FESTIVALS
Director needs a
SECRETARY ASSISTANT
with at least 2 years secretarial experience to help him organise 4 important national Music Festivals. Salary £3,500 p.a. — National Festival of Music for Youth, 23a King's Rd, Chelsea, London SW3 4RP. 01-730 2628.

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wanted
for busy but informal college office in Bloomsbury. 9.15-4.00.
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Phone: 01-636 9612.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau. 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp. Fenwick's). 493 3005.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART
CHAIR OF FILM AND TELEVISION
Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons for the CHAIR OF FILM AND TELEVISION at the College following the retirement of Professor Stuart Hood, MBE MA, at the end of the present academic year.
Salary £9,350 p.a., including London allowance, together with appropriate professorial spread.
Further details and application forms can be obtained from the **Registrar (Staff), Royal College of Art, Kensington Gore, London SW7 2EU,** to be returned by Monday 8 May 1978.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

St Edmund's Arts Centre
DIRECTOR:
Salary £3,750 (negotiable)
CENTRE MANAGER:
Salary £3,250
Applications are invited for the above posts from people with experience in arts administration.
For the Centre Manager we are looking for someone with both technical and management skills
Application forms and job descriptions available from:
St Edmund's Arts Centre, Dept NS, Bedwin St, Salisbury, Wilts.

JOIN THE CONTENTED TEMPS TEAM at Stella Fisher. Secretarial and all office skills welcome: higher pay rates now and always the more congenial jobs which include many in the Arts and Academics World. Call Stella Fisher Bureau, 110 Strand, London WC2. 01-836 6644 (Also open Sats 10 a.m.-12.30 p.m., 9 a.m.-6 p.m. Mon.-Fri.).

YOUTH AND ENVIRONMENT
Project Director
CoEnCo is establishing a Youth Environmental Education Unit based in London. Applications are invited for the post of Director of this Unit, whose main function will be to stimulate an improvement and expansion of out-of-school environmental education programmes for young people.
Salary by negotiation.
Please write for application form and further details to: Edward Dawson, Committee for Environmental Conservation, 29 Greville Street, London EC1N 8AX. Telephone: 01-242 9647.
Closing date 21 April 1978.

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LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

Department of Sociology

Appointment of a

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant for a project in the Department of Sociology funded by the Social Science Research Council on current support for particular English political movements. The major tasks of the post are the coding and analysis of survey data and a small amount of travelling within England will also be necessary. Experience with SPSS and some knowledge of statistics would be advantages. The appointment is for two years and starts as soon as possible. It will be on scale £2,921 to £3,816 per annum (including London Allowance).

Application forms from Assistant Personnel Officer, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London WC2A 2AE (Tel: 01-405 7686 Ext. 672) to whom completed applications should be returned by 24 April 1978.

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE

University of London

DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS

Applications are invited for the following posts: available from 1 October 1978:

LECTURESHIP IN ECONOMICS

Preference may be given to candidates offering Economic Development as a specialism but others will be considered.

TEMPORARY LECTURESHIP IN MONETARY ECONOMICS

1 year appointment.

Salary scale (under review) £3,333 - £6,655 p.a. plus £450 London Allowance. (Temporary appointment restricted to range £3,3333 - £3,761 p.a. plus L.A.).

Application forms and further details obtainable from the Registrar, (NS) Queen Mary College, Mile End Road, London, E1 4NS, to be returned by 5 May.

THE RICHMOND FELLOWSHIP

Recruits are urgently needed for our therapeutic communities, to help in the work of mental health aftercare and rehabilitation. We want people of maturity, flexibility and compassion and, if possible, previous experience.
in particular, we need:

a) An Assistant Warden (up to £2,500)

b) A trainee scholar (£1,660 - £1,760)

for our family unit at Romford.

Please contact the Warden, Mike Kelly, Highlands, 59, Main Road, Romford, Essex RM2 5EH. Tel: 70-61740

And also:

c) A Deputy Warden (up to £3,500)

d) a trainee scholar (£1,650 - £1,760)

for our hostel for adolescents at Southampton.

Please contact:

The Deputy Director, Richmond Fellowship, 8, Addison Road, London W14 8DL. Tel: 01-603 6373.

Appts Wanted

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GRADUATE SEEKS RESEARCH POST. Please reply to Box 1004.

Fellowships

the College of Ripon & York St John

APPOINTMENT OF

Yorkshire Arts Fellow in Creative Writing

1978/9

Applications are invited from practising writers for the above post which will be tenable at the Ripon campus of the College of Ripon and St John, initially for one academic year, commencing in September 1978.

The Fellow will be encouraged to pursue his/her own work 'on campus' during the three terms rather than becoming involved in formal teaching, though it is anticipated that there will be ample opportunity for informal and productive contact with both staff and students.

A salary of up to £4,500 is offered together with free accommodation. The closing date for applications is 30 April, 1978.

Further details of application procedure from:
Michael Dawson, Director, Yorkshire Arts Association, Glyde House, Glydegate, Bradford BD5 0BQ, West Yorkshire.

CHARLOTTE MASON COLLEGE OF EDUCATION AMBLESIDE, CUMBRIA

APPOINTMENT TO CREATIVE WRITING FELLOWSHIP 1978/79

Applications are invited for the post of

Creative Writing Fellow

at this Teacher Training College in the Lake District. The purpose of the Fellowship, financed by the Arts Council, is to enable a creative writer, a novelist, to take part in the life of the college community, and to have time for his/her own work for one year. There are no teaching duties but it is hoped that the person appointed will spend time in the College making informal contacts. A tutorial room will be provided and the Fellowship will be £5,000 for the academic year from September 1978 to August 1979. Full details including procedure for application may be obtained from the **Senior Administrative Officer at the College.** Full applications should be returned to: **the Principal at the College no later than 17 May 1978.**

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BIOLOGICAL PACIFICISM

Complete List of Academic Works of noted Japanese vegetarian, Nobel Prize Candidate

DR. HISATOKI KOMAKI, Ph.D

(NOW AVAILABLE FREE OF CHARGE)

Internationally Known Authority on the Theory and Practice of Vegetarianism

Dr Hisatoki Komaki's academic works and activities in the field of Biological Pacificism have won him world-wide recognition, including official nomination as a candidate for the Nobel Prize, along with the respected Dr Louis Kervran of France. In 1976, Dr Komaki was cited for his role in the organisation of the Int'l Academic Congress on the Happier Coexistence of All Living Things held at Kyoto University in Japan, and at the Sorbonne, in Paris in 1977. Prior to becoming the Founder and President of Japan's Seibutsu Noogyo Kenkyuusho Foundation, Dr Komaki, a Ph.D from Kyoto University, was a professor at Japan's Mukogawa University.

Biological Pacificism

Dr Komaki's extensive academic research into Biological Pacificism concludes that

(1) The killing of mammals (animals possessing consciousness) is exceptional even in the animal kingdom.

(2) As the definition of 'essential amino acids' shows, animals, in fact, are not producers, but consumers of life sustaining amino acids (the essential constituents of animal protein), as well as fats, carbohydrates and other vitamins.

(3) Cattle-breeding is an archaic practice based on the biological concentration of essential nutrients of plant origin and not their production.

(4) Science and technology have today evolved far superior methods of concentrating vital plant nutrients.

Biological Pacificism and the Philosophical Structure of Christianity and Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism

In his collected works, Dr Komaki concludes that

(1) Only through the complete liberation of the Psi Body, will the ETERNAL PEACE OF ALL LIVING THINGS, including mankind, be attained.

(2) Both Christianity and Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism possess the philosophical proofs that the life-span of the True Self of the Psi Body is endless.

(3) Both religions possess the effective method of the complete liberation of the True Self or of the Psi Body. In Christianity, via a Mediator warranted by fullfilment of the Biblical prophecies. In Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism, via a very rhythmical chanting of "the phonetic and ideographical expression of the Cosmic Life" in front of a Mandala of the Cosmic Law. (But . . . which is more "biological" as well as philosophical?)

Turning Biological Pacificism into a Working Reality

As a result of the series of opinion advertisements on Biological Pacificism that appeared in the New York Times BR section, London Times etc. etc., significant public interest has been awakened, to achieve the goals of Biological Pacificism. One approach is a sustained opinion advertising campaign (i.e., 100 ads) that can effectively spread the doctrine of Eternal Peace — for all mankind, and all living things. Towards that end, contributions from influential citizens, and biological pacifists from around the world (together with continued contribution from Japan) are needed to make this goal a reality.

Let us organise SALT: The British Friends of HISATOKI KOMAKI for the Salvation of All Living Things.

Appendix:

Please do not send your donation to this Institute now to support a continuation of our worldwide campaign to run a series of the advertisements expressing our opinion. You will soon be asked to send your donation to the office of "The British Friends of HISATOKI KOMAKI for the Salvation of All Living Things," which will soon be set up in U.K. It is further planned that any funds donated by British people will mostly be used in financing publicity activities to be conducted in U.K.

An objective of this advertising campaign is not by any means to try to make Dr Komaki a Nobel Prize winner. In 1975, Dr Komaki was already officially nominated as a candidate for the Nobel Prize for Physiology or Medicine. Although a number of Japanese university professors and doctors still believe that Dr Komaki is the best candidate for the Nobel Prize for Peace. Should you as well feel that it is one of the most effective means of attaining the goal of the Salvation of All Living Things to make Dr Komaki a Nobel Prize winner, please forward a collection of the signatures among your group with a brief supporting statement direct to Nobel Prize Committee for Peace, Oslo, Norway; for Physiology, Stockholm, Sweden, along with a carbon copy to this institute.

Dr Komaki's extensive work on Biological Pacificism does in part cover such fields as macrobiotic diet, vegetarianism, the physic research, Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism. For any written material or more details concerning any of these subjects, please contact each of the central ruling organisations concerned directly. Literature is available upon request from 1) East West Foundation, 359 Boylstone Street, Boston, Mass. U.S.A. (on 'macrobiotic diet'), 2) Vegetarian Society of U.K., Park Dale, Dunham Rd., Altrincham, Cheshire, WA14 4QG (on 'vegetarianism') and 3) Nichiren Shoshu International Center, 1-33-11 Sendagaya, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo, Japan (on 'Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism'). Concerning the subject of Psi Body (Psi Information System), Prof. Dr Hideo Seki's excellent English monographs on "Psi Information System Hypothesis" is recommended. Mailing address: Dr Hideo Seki, 5-11-3 Kamiuma, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

For the complete list of collected works of Dr Komaki (free of charge) or for additional information write to:

Seibutsu Noogyoo Kenkyuusho Foundation
Sakamoto-Honmachi, Otsu, Shiga-ken, Japan.

U.K. LIAISON OFFICES NEEDED

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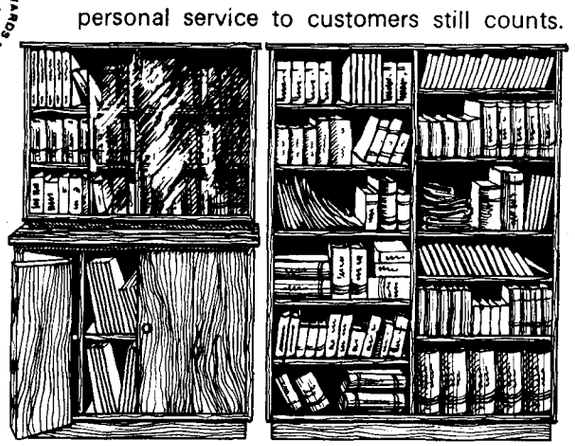

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Theatres

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UNION OF JEWISH STUDENTS, post-graduate section, announce a Seminar 'Quest for Trust: the Jewish Contribution to Academic Research' at Hillel House, 1-2 Endsleigh St, London WC1 on Sunday 30 April at 2 p.m. All welc. Inq: 01-387 4644.

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